

How To Train Your Time Kids

by Gloverboy21

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Summary: The Time Kids are back for another adventure through time! Their journey this time takes them to a place where they encounter Vikings and...Dragons! But when a young Viking chief finds out about their power to travel through time, will they use it to save a life or will they refuse?

1. Summertime blues

How To Train Your

Time Kids

By Gloverboy23

Chapter 1: Summertime blues

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(Voice-over)

"_This is __Los Angeles. Or L.A, if you want to call it that. It has nice weather and a cool beach with warm sands and a sun over your head that would make your sensitive skin tan in a hurry._

This is the T.W.C, where me and my friends work. Most people, when they get a job, would find it difficult and backbreaking. Not us. The only upside, is what we do here.

While most people here in the city have clubs, institutes, and research labs, or attractions for money-hungry tourists, we have...Time Travel!

Most people would think time travel doesn't exist. Not us. We accomplished it. The T.W.C is top secret and only the most qualified person can enter it.

My name's Josiah Clover. Good name, I know, but it's not the worst my mom could give me. And these are my friends, Shelly and Ken Blake.

_Together we are members of the T.W.C __and the only other people who know about it._

_Time travel is not to be taken lightly. It has it's ups and downs, but we manage. _

_How it came here to 2010 was in the form of two people from the future of Earth's history. Mr __Staedtler__ and his grandson Zeke are from the year 2035. I know it sounds wild, but it's all true._

They were the ones who created the most spectacular invention in their time; The Time Watch.

_This little arm-worn device could take you anywhere in Earth's history. And for us, the skies were never the limit. _

But now things have changed. Zeke's highly inventive mind has come up with a new invention to time travel more easier. It's called The T.W.C A.T Time Buggy.

_This baby is more comfortable then the time watch's time ring, believe me if you want to time jump in style. _

_We've been everywhere in the time buggy...all except for the age of vikings. _

This is where our adventure begins."

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The summer in the city of Los Angeles was almost coming to an end. School would start once more and the kids would have to go back to the boring classrooms once again, their fun over the summer ruined and forgotten.

Shelly Blake and her brother, Ken, were busy at home doing important T.W.C business, while also trying to catch up on much needed summer homework. Recently the two Blake siblings had been slacking off their studies. Their parents at first ignored it, but soon it became serious. The school board had called the house and had told Thomas and Clara that their children were falling behind on their studies. Mostly history.

Ken was the brainiac of the two siblings and knew a lot about history. His work had come in fine, but Shelly wasn't so privy to the brains deportment when it came to history herself.

Shelly was more of a tomboy then a bookworm. It didn't take much for her to fall asleep when a large book was in front of her with lengthy words.

They both knew that summer was coming to an end. It would be time for school and the T.W.C wouldn't open again until next summer.

So it went, page after page of piled on work.

Things weren't much better at the Clover residence. Josiah's mother, Eleanor Clover, had thought that her only son was spending too much time at the T.W.C and that he should get a summer job as a substitute so that he didn't slack off.

Josiah was slightly outraged his mother would even tell him this. He liked the T.W.C and he liked time traveling. It was his mother after all who signed him up to be part of it, wasn't it?

The plain truth was the three of them all had their parents sign a written agreement that they were allowed to be part of the T.W.C as a summer program. But now summer was drawing to a close and the parents just weren't listening anymore.

September was getting closer and the three friends were still stuck at home, the sun shining over the suburban neighborhood. Kids played in the yards and in front of their houses, soaking in that last ray of August.

Josiah was still having mother problems and Shelly and Ken weren't doing any better.

It was Thursday afternoon. The heat of the day had mellowed a little and folks around the neighborhood had gone into their houses to cool off and rest after long day.

The three friends had time to sneak away from their homes to meet in the local park up the street.

Shelly was swinging on a swing while Ken and Josiah sat by themselves on seats of their own.

"This is such a bummer, guys" Ken said. "I can't believe summers almost over."

Josiah nodded his head and stroked his mustache, his goatee now shaven off. He often did this when he was in deep thought.

"Looks like it's going to be another year before we can time travel to our favorite time periods again, guys."

"You're telling me," Said Shelly, swinging a leg. "I can't understand why our parents want to deny us our right to time travel in the Time Watch Corporation. It's just not fair."

The group sat for a few more minutes on the swings together, each feeling the same as each other beside him or her.

Shelly didn't want summer to end. Though she was only twelve and was turning thirteen soon, Shelly thought back on all the adventures through time they all had together as friends. Those adventures brought all of them closer together. Shelly viewed those adventures through time as a way to get away from the boring life she knew and seek out thrills like her grandmother used to. After all, that's where she got her adventurous spirit from.

Ken was going to miss the adventures through time as all. Being ten and going on to eleven was going to be tough, especially in school. Ken wasn't very good in sports but he could analyze and examine

things when his curious mind went to work. He was timid sometimes. But to him it was all right. Even though Ken was not exactly known for being brave, he did feel confidence in himself as he had so far managed to avoid any dangerous situations during his travels through time with his sister and Josiah.

Josiah was also feeling down. His mom wanted him to get an actual summer job. He was out of high-school now and had his own bank account that allowed him to get money from the government. But his mother wanted him to get a job that would teach him the value of hard work. But there were no other jobs that came close to what the T.W.C afford, no way! Apart from singing really good at his church and being part of the chorus, Josiah had good leadership skills and looked out for Shelly and Ken during their trips through time.

When he had first signed up for the T.W.C a year ago, he didn't want anything to do with being a group leader or have anything to do with Shelly and her brother. Being twenty-one and black, with just a hint of Canadian lightness mixed from his father's side, Josiah thought he could handle time traveling all by himself and didn't want to babysit two kids who would slow him up.

But after a while he got used to the two little tag-alongs. They had gotten him out some seriously unpleasant situations when he had time traveled to places in history where his people were treated like slaves. If it hadn't been for Shelly and Ken coming to his rescue, he would have ended up being whipped by slavers. That experience had made him open his eyes and to understand the value of counting on others for support in a group.

But what good was that now that his mother wanted him to work another job?

Josiah, Shelly, and Ken both left the park and returned to their homes after the sun had gone down.

The Friday morning brought hardly any comfort to the trio. But this time the mood changed for the better. The Blake family had decided to go to the Discovery Science Center for the day, a way of lifting Shelly and Ken's depressing mood.

A new exhibit had just opened on Thursday that had been part of a short-term renovation. This exhibit featured Vikings...and dragons.

Shelly looked uninterested at the displays, snorting dismissively at some of the fake-looking dragons and ancient weapons. She and her brother had already been to this museum twice every summer and nothing had changed. The displays still showed irritatingly cute exhibits that seemed to insults kids rather than teach them. The areas around the place were fewer with people now since the Exploratorium opened a month ago.

Ken thought the Viking displays were cool and examined them with great interest. Shelly rolled her eyes. Her brother liked examining things by poking about and often spouted off information about stuff whenever he can, usually as if he were describing the stats of a character in an RPG.

Of course he rarely did this except during school.

At the Center, as a special guest, Mr. Brie was allowed into the back rooms to examine the more 'realistic' Viking displays that were to be taken to the T.W.C. One of the items was a Viking shield. The shield was wooden and round like a disc with an iron rim and center hub. But this shield was old and had been found on an island. An island that was once the home of Vikings.

Researchers at the Center had found the shield weeks ago, wedged between two boulders in a cove deep inland on the now deforested island.

Mr. Brie, having lots of money, decided to buy the shield and bring it back to the corporation for study. He was, of course, the head of the T.W.C after all. He could get anything for it if the need arose.

Later that afternoon, while the Blake family went home, Mr. Brie had the shield brought to the location of the corporation building. The T.W.C was top secret, but thanks to the building's alias of being a book and watch store, the real work was never found out.

The corporation's real magic happened below ground in a secured area where only members were allowed to enter.

This was where the time watch, time buggies, and other futuristic technology from 2035 were kept. This was where time travel took place. Where all was possible.

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* * *

><p>(Note) Here's the first chapter of my story, everyone.<p>

Now, if you need to find out who my OC, the Time Kids, are, then go to my site on devaint art.

And if you don't know what the time buggy looks like, go there as well

I hope you guys will like my next chapter because I'll getting to the good stuff soon.

2. Secret of the Shield

Chapter 2: Secret of the Shield

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Mr. Brie had the Viking shield brought to the T.W.C after he had bought it.

He had called ahead to Zeke's grandfather and had told him what was found at the Discovery Science Center.

Mr. Staedtler had the shield examined at the laboratory for a long time. He had found that the shield did dated back to the age of the Vikings, if not further.

The shield had rusted around the edges, the silver metal now dark and brittle from thousands of years of being exposed to the elements. The wood was rotted and broke off easily from the simplest pressure.

Zeke kept on examining it, careful not to brake-off the wood.

He suddenly found some kind of fasten on the more broader part of the shield's side. Twisting it carefully, Zeke opened it and felt around inside to find the shield was hollow and empty. No. It wasn't. Zeke's rubber gloved fingers touched something that felt like...

Zeke grasped the object in his thumb and forefinger and pulled it out. In his hands was a book. A journal of some kind. Zeke took a look at it and saw that some of the pages were old and broke a little when he placed it on the examining table.

Zeke was wasn't to worried about the pages. Thanks to the special 2035 technology of paper recovery, he would have the pages restored to their natural state.

But for now he wanted to inform his friends. They had to know about this. He want back to work.

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Josiah, Shelly, and Ken arrived at the T.W.C later that afternoon. With their parents permission, they were allowed to go. They all thought that since the summer was almost over and everything, they figured what the heck. Let the kids have their fun before it ended.

The trio got on their familiar T.W.C clothes that were part of the formal wear at the corporation. Long to short pants that were brownish, long-sleeve and short sleeve shirts that were three colors; red with blue sleeves and a green collar, and hiking books that were red with yellow at the bottom.

When they went down the escalator and arrived at the bottom level below ground, they went down a corridor to the laboratory. Inside was Zeke, and other members of T.W.C who had joined. These were whom the kids knew well.

There was Sophie, a new member who had just joined two months ago.

Their trusted twenty seven year old friend from Australia, Nicolas Trinity, whom the kids had celebrated a birthday with a few months back. He had joined the T.W.C as part of an exchange program.

Then there was Josiah's close friend beside Sophie, Jane Whitney. Sixteen years old and at a height of 5'12, Jane's green eyes momentarily locked onto Josiah's. She smiled at him while pushing a lock of her orange-red hair aside from her eyes. He felt himself blush and was thankful that his dark skin didn't show the redness of his face.

He liked Jane.

She was Stubborn, perky, friendly, overprotective of her close friends, and she loved animals.

Josiah admired her skills as well. She was good with hand to hand combat, a whiz on history and math and science, and she had joined to become a time traveler like them.

Those were needed now in the lab.

Zeke had placed the Viking book in the repair room. There, the object went through a futuristic restoration machine from 2035 that would restore the book's fragile pages to their natural state before. Zeke had made sure the machine didn't restore the book too much. The pages were brittle the most but soon, after ten minutes, the book would be back in perfect reading order. And the contents inside of it would not be erased.

Ten minutes passed and the book was finally done.

Zeke placed the book on the observation table and everyone gathered around to look. Ken had to go around because everyone was taller than him.

Opening the book, Zeke slowly went through the pages and found that there weren't any English inscriptions in it at all.

"What does it say, Zeke?" Shelly said, leaning in to look more closely at the page. "I can't read that."

"Elder Futhark," Said Jane.

"Bless you," Said Sophie.

Everyone laughed.

"No, that's the language, Sophie," Said Jane, holding back her laughter. That is the ancient language of the Vikings. It's how they wrote."

"Can you read it, Jane?" Said Josiah.

"I think so, Josiah," Said Jane as she sat down on the work bench to read beside Zeke. "but this book's ink or whatever it is has faded a bit in some places, even with the leather cover over it." She then added, "But I can read it."

"I'll take your word for it," Said Shelly, seating herself next to Jane.

Jane leaned over the book's pages and started reading.

At first she had a hard time figuring out some of words, but soon found that some of the words became solid enough to read.

"Well, this is interesting," Said Jane, looking up from the book to each of her friends. "It says here that this journal is...a dragon manual."

Everyone became quite.

Then Ken said, "Jane, how can that be? Dragons didn't exist during the time of the Vikings, no way."

Jane pointed to the book's pages with a certain finger. "I know it can't be true, Ken, but it says so right here on this page. Dragons and Vikings did coexist together."

"Crikey, girl," Said Nicolas. "You mean to say that those fire-breathing nasties actually were alive back then. That can't possibly be right, could it?"

"It could be all a joke," Said Josiah, dismissively waving a hand. "I mean, those Vikings were superstitious people back then in that era. A large snake could look like a dragon or a log as well."

Sophie gave Josiah a look.

"Whoops, sorry about that, Sophie," Josiah said quickly.

Josiah knew that Sophie was of Viking bloodline with a dash of white, a sprinkle of Native American, and a drop of Australian. She was touchy about that sort of thing.

"Anyway," Jane continued. "I don't think the Vikings were being superstitious at all." she pointed to several illustrated drawings on the pages above the Viking letters. These were drawings of dragons. And not just one single dragon, but a lot of them! They came in all shapes and sizes that seemed almost impossible. The group stared at the drawings, some of their mouths open in disbelief. Jane read out the names of the dragon's classes on each of the pages, careful not to misread a thing.

The stoker class, strike class, fear class, mystery class, boulder class, and sharp class.

"And all of these are dragons?" Said Zeke.

Jane nodded. "Yes, that's what it says."

"Wow," Said Shelly. "I never thought that they actually existed. They were real?"

"We don't know that for sure yet, Shelly," Said Josiah. "The only way for us to know for sure is to travel back in time and see for ourselves."

Zeke stood up. "That's a grand idea, Clover!"

Josiah looked at him with a raised brow. "It is?"

Zeke gave him a smile. "It is indeed. And you three can do it."

"Us?" Said the trio in unison.

Zeke nodded.

Shelly held up her hands. "Now wait a minute, Zeke, we don't even know where this place the dragons are is located."

"I do," Said Jane, standing up with the book in her hands. "It says here that the island is somewhere north and a few degrees south in the archipelago island group. That's where this book was found by archeologists."

Ken said, "That may be, Jane, but we don't know what the island the dragons are on is called."

Jane looked down at the book's front pages again. "It says that the island is called _Berk_."

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Preparations were made immediately for the time buggies departure to the past. Zeke had organized equipment to be put in the time buggy's compartments. The modified Zero-One vehicles came out from under a garage in the launch area and stopped in the middle of the time jump platform. The glass domes opened, waiting for passengers.

Sophie looked at the buggies and let out moan of longing.

"I'm sorry if you didn't get picked, Sophie," Said Zeke. "But this time travel adventure _is_ only for three people. And none of the others offered to go to Berk. Jane wants to stay behind with me and Nicholas has to go home to do some part-time job."

"I know," Said Sophie, hanging her head a little.

Zeke knew she wanted to go, but the fact was her Viking bloodline could complicate things.

Josiah got into the first time buggy, T.B Zero-2, and Shelly and Ken got into the second one, T.B Zero-3. The domes closed over their heads as the internal batteries hummed to life.

Zeke smiled at his latest inventions. The time buggies were at first a scraped idea, but soon the idea came back and Zeke was able to make it work. The buggy's design was small at first and Zeke and his grandfather had to make some modifications to it so that it would be able to have two riders instead of just one. But the spacious buggy had other features as well. One of those features had automatically activated when the two buggies started hovering in the air. Hover mode.

The mode allowed the buggy and it's passengers to fly to phenomenal heights. Though the vehicle wasn't very fast to out-fly a jet, it would get the job done.

Zeke was a little worried because the three converted wheels that turned into jet-boosters would often take a while to convert back into land mode.

Another glitch he would have to fix.

As the two buggies hovered in the air above the platform, the humming steadily getting louder, electrical bolts appeared around the outer body. Then the buggies were surrounded by bluish light.

Zeke knew this proses all too well.

A second later, the buggies disappeared in an implosion of brilliant flashes of light and sonic booms.

That part never got old.

Zeke was confident that the buggies and the trio within them would arrive in the era of the Vikings instantaneously at that precise moment. That's how he had programed it.

He had set the destination time in each of the buggy's on-board control pads so that they all arrived at the same time during the time jump.

If there was an emergency, all one of the trio had to do was push down on the jump-back lever under the control panel and the vehicle would time jump back to the corporation in a hurry.

Zeke only hoped that wouldn't come to that.

"Good luck, time kids," Said Jane, her eyes still on the spot where the buggies and her friends were now gone.

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><p>Here's the second chapter!<p>

Now things are about to get interesting!

The island of Berk id next!

3. Isle of Berk

Chapter 3: Isle of Berk

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The two time buggies arrived in the middle of the ocean out of their time jumps instantaneously. With both hover modes already activated, the two time traveling vehicles stayed just above the water.

Josiah opened his dome and took a breath of the salty sea air.

Beside him in their buggy, their dome opening as well, Shelly and Ken both looked around at their surroundings.

"Where's the island, Josiah?" Said Ken, scanning the distance from the inside of the buggy's cockpit. "I don't see it anywhere."

Josiah took out his binoculars from a map pocket beside the control panel and looked through them. All he saw was ocean at first and didn't see much of anything except for a few rocks that arose out of the water.

Then Josiah remembered that Zeke had already imputed the correct directions to the island on the on-board GPS on the control panel of his buggy. Turning it on, Josiah saw two green flashing dots against

the blueish screen that showed them where they were. And about five miles south of them, it's dot in a green large oval-shape, was the island of Berk.

"Found it, guys," Said Josiah, waving to them. "The island is about five miles south from where we are now."

"Then what are we waiting for?!" Said Shelly excitedly. "Let's go!"

Josiah smiled and lowered his dome. Shelly and Ken did the same.

Both time buggies then soared through the air toward the direction of the island. They kept low just above the water and communicated through the installed walkie-talkies in their buggies.

Josiah took the lead, steering his buggy toward the direction of the small island.

He was at first a bit skeptical about the whole thing that dragons could exist in the world. He knew that Dinosaurs sometimes were seen as dragons and that people from the era of Vikings often mistook wired creatures for something they couldn't really explain. But the drawings in the book looked so accurate. And real.

Josiah didn't believe in most superstitious nonsense, but was cautious about most things that made no sense to him. At cat crossing his path was no big deal. Walking under a ladder, odiously dangerous. Tipping over a salt shaker...not so much.

A few minutes passed as the buggies continued toward Berk, traveling at a steady-going speed of 23 miles per-hour, the vehicle's top speed. None of the kids were worried about fuel. The time buggies ran on solar power. The batteries were located behind the seat in a protective casing that made sure it didn't get damaged during time travel trips to the past. Besides that, the light 2035 stainless steel construction of the buggy's outer skin made it hard to damage. When it came to time travel and keeping his equipment safe, Zeke did not mess around. His grandfather didn't raise a fool.

A minute later, the trio had arrived at the outskirts of the island.

They kept themselves hidden, hovering behind a large rocky arch that was just big enough to hide them and their vehicles.

"What do we do, Josiah?" Said Shelly from her buggy. "We can't go anywhere near the island without those Vikings seeing us."

Ken nodded in agreement.

Josiah thought about that and had come up with a solution. He pointed to the far side of the island where a dense, large forest was.

"We'll hide there, guys," He said, seating himself back in his cockpit and steering his buggy toward the forest. Shelly and Ken followed right after him.

The buggies made hardly any sound as they flew toward the island. Which was good since any sort of noise could attract the Vikings on land.

As they got closer, the island showing signs of life, Shelly and Ken could see that some of the houses had architectural themes of dragons, and that some of the homes were built on land on a gentle slope. The docks were located at the bottom of the cliffs and had a wooden walkway that was built above them.

Ken could see a large barn at the base of the cliffs, and in front of it were large pens for the domesticated animals.

It truly was a Viking village all right.

But where were the dragons?

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A minute later, safely out of sight, the trio had made it to the cover of the forest.

The sun was still up and Josiah guessed that it was somewhere around mid-afternoon because it was starting to get a little dark.

They landed on the ground in a clearing and got out, keeping the their buggies on hover mode.

The trees around them were thick and tall, and dark. There weren't a lot of bushes and the ground under their feet felt like it was slopping a bit in some places, and then rising again into hills.

"Should we setup camp here, Josiah?" Said Shelly, looking around the clearing.

Josiah shook his head. "We need a place that is well hidden. It's too thick here for us to land or take-off. Lets get back in the buggies and hover over the trees a bit until we find a spot."

The trio searched around for a few minutes, keeping themselves hidden just in case a Viking on a hunt spotted them. The thing about time travel is to always keep out of sight of the locals. People from the past tended to react differently to people from the future of the 21st century. That's how it was with time travel movies anyway.

The sun was setting behind the trees and the three kids had not found a place yet to setup camp. If they didn't, then they would have to stay in the clearing in the open.

Ken and Shelly were just about to go back to Josiah and tell him that there was no place to sleep, when Ken heard a sound deep in the forest. It sounded like a small waterfall. Curious, he had Shelly turn the buggy in the direction of the sound. A couple of minutes later, the sun almost completely down, they had found a cove. It hadn't been hard because there were broken branches that led to it. The path to the cove went downhill and then inclined down into it.

The trio looked out over it and saw that the cove was a large sunken

area with forest rocks, trees, roots and a pond, either used for swimming or drinking in. in some aspect, it was like a small private paradise for anyone who wanted to get away or to camp in.

Josiah had to admit that the grey and green scenery of this place added a tropical touch to the island of Berk. Not bad.

"Guys," He announced to his friends with a deep smile. "I think we found our camping spot!"

Shelly and Ken both cheered and got into their buggy to fly down into the cove, Josiah right behind them.

They landed on the ground and parked their vehicles close to the high rocky wall, which was smooth and looked difficult to climb.

They setup their tents beside the buggies and made a small fire. The sun was now completely down and the only sounds came from the forest or the crackle of burning wood from the fire. What amazed the trio the most when they were around the fire was that there were no bugs around in the cove. An added bonus!

The tents were light green in color to match the surroundings and perfect for camouflage. They were rain proof and comfy inside to keep each of the kids warm at night. Thanks to Zeke's inventive mind, the kids would sleep easy tonight.

"So what's gonna' happen tomorrow, Josiah?" Said Ken as he got dressed in his pajamas. "Are we gonna' go to the village?"

Josiah nodded. "Yes, Ken, but only me and Shelly are going. You have to stay here and look after the camp."

Ken groaned. "Ooh, why do I always stay behind to look after things? Can't I come with you?"

Josiah shook head. "Sorry, Ken, but your sister and I are going. Besides, we don't even know if there are any dragons in that village."

Shelly nodded her head. "Josiah is right, Ken, and I don't want you starting to complain about it, got it?"

Ken grumbled, got up, and went to his tent, zipping up the door behind him.

Shelly looked concerned about her brother's little outburst.

"Do we really have to leave him behind?" She asked, looking at Josiah.

The twenty one year old nodded. "The both of us are quite when we need to be when we are together, but Ken isn't that much. But don't worry, girl, I'll make it up to him later. It's getting late, Shelly. Lets turn in."

Josiah put out the fire with water from the cove and got into his tent. Shelly got dressed in her nightgown and soon climbed into her tent. The only light in the cove come from within Ken's tent.

The ten year old was still awake and feeling downhearted because he really wanted to see Vikings and dragons. Well, maybe not dragons if they existed, but Vikings were cool, too. He wanted to learn about them, talk to them, and know about their history. But that had went down the drain the moment Josiah told him that he'd have to stay here in the cove and mind the camp.

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Morning came to the cove as Josiah and Shelly got up to go to the village.

Ken had slept in so Josiah and Shelly left so is not to wake him. They left in one of the time buggies, T.B Zero-3, and flew out of the cove and toward the direction of the village.

Ken woke up, went to the bushes to do his business, and got dressed. He was a bit tired from last night. Being angry could do that. And when he couldn't find his sister or Josiah in the camp and knew where they had gone, that bit of anger resurfaced.

Ken hated being left behind.

As he went down to the cove's water to fill his canteen, half grumbling to himself, he sensed that something was not right. Without knowing how he knew, Ken had the troubled sense that he was being watched.

He stopped filling his canteen and looked around. His eyes surveyed every tree, every bush-slowly scanning, like a camera.

And then he saw it, the wings, the yellow eyes of the owl-like face looking down at him:

A _dragon_.

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* * *

><p>Her's the third chapter, ya'll!<p>

And i think you all know who the dragon is, right?

Tune in next time and I'll show you.

4. Enter The Dragons

Chapter 4: Enter The Dragons

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Ken knew he was dead the moment the dragon made it's way down into the cove. He was here by himself, Josiah and his sister gone, and with no weapon he could use to defend himself.

Play dead. His next thought. Stupid, that would never work! It was a dragon! It wasn't some stupid bear from the 21st century that he could just outwit with clever cub scout tactics! If he put himself in

that position now, he'd be breakfast for the owl-like dragon.

Even though the fear in him was there from where he was standing, Ken studied this dragon closely and tried to remember what species it was from the dragon book.

He had read it a little when Jane had given it to him. He had come to a page marked _'new dragons'_ and had flipped through the pages to see the larger class of species. This dragon had the same look from one of the drawings.

It had a very muscular and sturdy build. It walked toward him on two hind-legs and seemed to support itself on a pair of wings, like a bat would when it was walking. But, much to Ken's astonishment, the dragon had another pair of wings above the bottom ones. These were tucked in close to the dragon's body. The dragon's face had two long spines that branched off it's nose and to the sides and it had a smashed-like face, kind of like an owl's. Behind it's long spines were two neck frills. On it's back it had spikes that resembled samurai swords. It also had two scars on it's eyebrow-like spines. The dragon's talons on it's wings looked dexterous enough to pick up an item, or sharp enough to cut him to pieces!

Ken backed away slowly. Being ten years old and small and helpless sucked big time! Why did Shelly and Josiah leave him alone!

As the dragon got closer, it's owl-like eyes locked on him, Ken could still not believe how big it was. About 48 feet at least! It's color was a woody brown with a cream underbelly and it had blue highlights along it's lower jaw and along the tips of it's back spines. Ken saw that the teeth were positioned in the lower jaw.

This dragon would have been cool to Ken if it wasn't coming toward him!

The dragon paused to look at Ken, tilting it's head in an owl-like manner, and then continued to walk towards him. It made low rumbling noises deep in it's throat. Ken backed up some more until he stumbled on a root protruding from the ground and tripped. The poor boy was on his butt, backing away on all fours.

Ken's sudden trip caused the dragon to rear up on it's hind legs and flap it's upper wings, and the sudden gust of wind in his face made it feel like he had been hit by a wind storm.

It was then that Ken remembered what the dragon was called the moment he saw the X-wing-like wings spread out like that.

It was called A _Stormcutter_.

The dragon's irises in its yellow eyes were not slits. They were round and showed no signs of aggression.

That made Ken calm down a bit but he didn't let his guard down. This dragon was till dangerous.

The Stormcutter stood over Ken and studied him, tilting its head in that curious owl-like manner. Ken was literally in its shadow! The dragon bent its head over, sniffing curiously, and Ken shrank back with a whimper.

The Stormcutter growled softly and extended a talon toward Ken, but that only made the boy whimper even more. Ken braced himself, ready to feel the claw stab into him. But it didn't come.

Opening an eye, Ken felt the talon of the Stormcutter gently rub him on the side of his cheek. The dragon's closeness was a bit uncomfortable because of the smell. The Stormcutter had a sort of fish-like smell to its body. And to its breath!

Ken tried not to inhale the rotten fish smell and kept his eyes on the dragon.

The dragon's claw then moved down toward his shirt, plucking at the material as it went.

Ken wondered what the dragon was doing. Was it curious about him or his clothes? It sure seemed that way.

The dragon plucked at his shirt again and hooked it, lifting Ken up a little. Ken could tell that this dragon was really strong. Strong enough to lift him off the ground or fly away with him. And for a boy his size it wouldn't be difficult.

The Stormcutter brought Ken's shirt up toward its snout and sniffed at it, taking in the flowery scent of the fabric softener's after smell.

Ken felt the fear he felt earlier turn to frank amazement that he was not going to be eaten. But he still felt a little afraid of the dragon.

Its curiosity satisfied, the Stormcutter lowered Ken back down and unhooked his shirt. The dragon then stood up on its hind legs, flapped its four wings together, and took off into the sky and out of the cove with a loud roar and a gust of wind.

Ken got to his feet but found that they had turned to spaghetti because he couldn't seem to stand up. And then, when his breathing returned to normal, he got up again and found that he was able to stand. He made his way back to his tent but, at the last second, fell to his knees and fainted with a soft groan, and knew no more.

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The wet grass slapped their hiking boots as Josiah and Shelly made their way toward the outer boundaries of the Viking village, careful to keep out of sight of any Viking that might be lurking nearby. They had left the time buggy behind a bush and had traveled a short ways toward the crest of a hill that overlooked the village of Berk.

Finding a safe spot among two large bushes, the two time travelers crouched down and peered over with binoculars to see into the village.

The place was full of Vikings. And among them were...

"Dragons," Shelly whispered to herself in awe.

Josiah couldn't believe what he was seeing either. There were dragon here on the island of Berk after all. Real dragons!

"This is amazing," Said Josiah. "I can't believe they exist. They're actually real!"

Through the binoculars the kids could see that the dragons varied in different species, just like from the book. From Gronkles, Nadders, a few Zipplebacks, and Monstrous Nightmares. There were even Terrible Terrors, who were perched on the shoulders of some of the Vikings like parrots.

The Vikings themselves were kind of alike. They all wore helmets with horns that were on top and on the sides. The men had large beards and some had long mustaches that were braided. The men wore different colored pants and Viking styled boots. The women, Josiah could see, wore dresses with pants underneath and dark Viking style boots as well. Though they looked more like shoes then boots. The children wore simple pants, short-sleeved tunics with furred vests, and boots. Some of them wore helmets as well.

Josiah took out his SONY HD Camcorder from his fanny pack and started taking pictures. Shelly shifted uncomfortably from where she was.

"I wish we could go down there," She said.

"No you don't," Said Josiah, sternly. "You know we have to stay out of sight of the village."

"I just wish that we could go down there and see the dragons up close, that's all." Said Shelly.

"We have to go by the rules of the T.W.C, Shelly. We can't just break them whenever we feel like it."

"Okay, okay, okay," Said Shelly, irritably.

Josiah watched through his camera again as a group of Nadders perched themselves on a rooftop of a house that was near the cliffs. He was amazed that the Vikings were riding them, too. He had spotted a girl rider on a Nadder with a blue body with brown and yellow highlights, and a cream underbelly.

The Nadders, Shelly had noticed through her binoculars, were more bird-like then the other dragons. They had a bipedal look and possessed winged forelimbs and they were about the same size as a medium sized theropod dinosaur. Their small yet keen eyes, were equipped like binoculars. In front of their eyes on their snouts were curved nasal horns. Their lower jaws were shorter and wider than then their upper jaws, giving them an overbite look. Shelly gulped a bit when she saw that they had spikes ringing the back of their heads. These were truly beautiful, but deadly dragons.

Shelly did not notice that a glint of light from the sun was shining off her binocular's lenses. She had been too busy looking at the dragons. The spot of light shone right in the eyes of the blue Nadder. The dragon squawked in irritation, shaking its head from the unknown light bothering its eyes.

The rider looked down at her dragon, wondering why her dragon was acting up, and spotted the light dot dancing around her dragon's face.

The girl suddenly looked over toward the hill where the light was coming from, squinting in the sunlight.

Shelly, through her binoculars, saw that the girl on the blue Nadder was looking right up at her!

"Oh, geez!" With a forceful jerk, Shelly ducked down out of both the girl and the dragon's line of vision.

"Shelly, what is it?" Said Josiah, ducking down with her.

"I think that girl on the Nadder saw me," Shelly said, beads of sweat starting show around her head.

Josiah stiffened. "Are you sure?"

"Sure as heck," Shelly gasped.

Josiah looked over the bush carefully and saw that the girl on the Nadder. And saw for himself that Shelly was right! The girl, who was probably the same age as him or younger, was not perched on the roof of the house anymore. She was in the air on the back of her dragon, and heading right towards them!

"We got to get out of here!" Josiah shouted, turning and running in the direction of the time buggy. "Get back to the time buggy, Shelly!"

Shelly didn't need to be told twice because she was running as well.

As the both of them ran through the forest they could hear the sound of rushing wings behind them and the loud squawking roars of the Nadder.

Still running, Shelly looked behind her and saw the dark outline of the dragon coming toward them. Shelly never thought that it could move that fast. It was probably around eleven feet in height and sixteen feet in length at least.

The body structure of the dragon was perfect for running down prey in a dense forest like this.

As Josiah ran, dodging over roots, he knew that even though if they got to the time buggy in time, the Nadder and its rider would be upon them both in seconds before they could take off!

"We got to split up, Shelly," He breathed. "We can't let them find the time buggy!"

Shelly nodded and dashed away to the left, while Josiah ran to the right.

:::

Astrid Hofferson knew that her dragon, Stormfly, had seen something

up on that ridge. And when she had caught movement in the brush in the form of a human figure, she knew that someone was spying on her village!

And now she and her dragon had the two of them on the run!

Astrid saw the two of them up ahead, running through the trees to get away. That wouldn't work. The twenty year old Viking knew the forest well and wasn't about to let these stranger get away that easily.

She saw them ahead, running together, and Astrid could tell that they were not Vikings in the slightest. They were dressed differently and the taller one had darker skin.

Whoever they were, Astrid and Stormfly weren't going to let them escape.

The trees were, much to Astrid's frustration, a problem for Stormfly. The Nadder was having problems getting through the brush. Astrid tried to lead Stormfly through carefully, but that would only waste time and let the intruders get away.

Squinting her eyes forward, Astrid saw the two intruders split up, the tall one taking the right and the small one taking left.

She stopped Stormfly and dismounted quickly, taking out her axe.

"Stormfly, you go after the little one," She told her Nadder, pointing to the left. "I'll go after the taller one!"

The obedient Nadder conformed with a guttural squawk and dashed off to the left after the small figure.

Astrid then took off in the direction of the taller intruder, her trusty axe in her hands.

If these intruders escaped, then who knew what was going to happen to Berk.

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* * *

><p>Here's chapter 4, everyone, enjoy!
**

I do not own HTTYD.

**This is my first HTTYD fanfic I am writing, so give me good reviews when you read it.

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5. The Dragon masters

Chapter 5: The Dragon masters

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Shelly Blake ran as fast as she could through the forest. The Deadly Nadder was still behind her and gaining.

She had to find a way to lose it, and quick!

Shelly thought about hiding, but that wouldn't work at all. She knew that the Nadder had a great sense of smell and could probably track her if she hid herself.

Then an idea came to her. Water!

If it could wash away her scent and confuse the Nadder long enough, she could escape and get back to the time buggy and Josiah.

And it was her luck that she was right near a waterfall to her right. It even had a pool in the center. With no time to lose, Shelly dashed for it. The Nadder's roars echoed around the forest and Shelly's heart was beating fast, her legs pumping.

She arrived at the pool and, checking behind her to make sure the dragon was far behind, she wadded into the pool of water. The waterfall was small but it was loud enough to cover any noise Shelly might make.

The water was deep and dark and Shelly quickly submerged herself all the way in to her nose, keeping her head just above the water.

At that moment, the Nadder appeared, bursting out of the trees with an irritated squawk at having to chase its target through a forest.

Shelly slowly made her way around a rock in the middle of the pool and kept absolutely still. Jane Whitney had read to her that the Nadder could follow movement and that the only way to avoid getting caught was to stay in its blind-spot, which was the in the middle of its snout where the horn was located.

But Shelly didn't want to worry about that now. The Nadder was nowhere near the pool, but it could change its mind and come looking near the edge for her. The water was cold and Shelly really wished that she had worn long pants now.

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Stormfly grumbled and squawked as she tried to groom her colorful wings of the dirt and tree stains that she had gotten from chasing after that small human.

Her human, Astrid, had giving her the command to go after it, but now she had lost it.

Letting out a frustrated, roaring squawk to the sky, Stormfly took to the air and flew away back to the village. What kind of dragon wasted its time looking for prey that used water to cover their tracks and their scent? Not her! Not this Deadly Nadder!

:::

Shelly wadded out of the pool, her clothes drenched and sticking to her body, weighing her down.

The wiped her face and twisted her blond hair to get rid of the access water. She shivered. The air wasn't as warm as she had thought it would have been here on the island.

Reaching into her pocket, Shelly took out the portable tracking device and, after drying it off, turned it on. But nothing happened.

"Rats!" Shelly grumbled to herself. "Just great!"

She put the tracking device back in her wet pocket and made her way back through the forest. She knew that her clothes would dry by themselves eventually. Zeke had brought the clothes back with him from 2035 and the advanced clothing had a special fast drying material that acted fast when it was wet. Shelly was already feeling her clothes starting to dry. In a few minutes, possibly six or nine, her clothes would be completely dry. It was her shoes and socks that were the problem.

"I hope Josiah is doing better than me," She mumbled to herself.

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Josiah Clover was completely out of breath! He huffed and puffed, trying to keep from dropping from his heart pumping.

He had lost the Viking girl completely, and the adrenalin was beginning to wear off.

He hadn't had to run and dodge like like in a while since his dodge ball days in school.

He backed-tracked to the location of the time buggy with his own tracking device. Within a minute, he had arrived to the spot. And waiting for him, her clothes a little wet, was Shelly.

"Are you all right, Shelly?" Josiah said, climbing into the buggy's round cockpit. "Why are you all wet?"

Shelly gritted her teeth and mumbled, "Don't ask," And climbed into the cockpit with him.

The buggy took off into the air and made its way back toward the cove.

Neither Josiah or Shelly saw the Viking girl, Astrid, hiding in the bush nearby. They didn't even see her look up and stare with an open mouth in wonder at the time buggy's ascent into the sky or fly away.

Astrid had seen all she had wanted to see. Whoever these strangers were, they had some sort of machine that could fly.

The young Viking girl turned and left in the direction of her village as quick as she could. Hiccup and Valka had to know about this.

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Once they got back to the cove, Josiah and Shelly quickly got out. They had spotted Ken, who was still face-down on the ground in a dead faint.

Shelly rushed to him and got him onto his back. She shook him awake, and Ken groaned, rubbing his eyes.

"What...what happened?" He mumbled, his voice tired.

"What happened?" Shelly repeated, her voice raising. "We found you flat on your face, that's what happened."

"Oh, that," Said Ken, sitting himself up. "That was from the encounter I had with the dragon."

At those words, Shelly and Josiah looked at each other.

"A dragon was here?" Said Shelly, sounding shocked.

Ken nodded. "It came into the cove and came right up to me."

"Did it hurt you?" Josiah asked, his own voice tense.

Ken shook his head. "No, it didn't hurt me. I think it was just curious about me and that's why it didn't attack."

"What sort of dragon was it?" Shelly said.

"I think it was a Stormcutter dragon," Said Ken, getting to his feet. "You know, that owl-like dragon with the x-wings from the dragon book?"

Josiah nodded. "Yeah, I remember."

"So, what happened to you guys?" Ken asked.

Josiah and Shelly filled him in on what happened at the village. When they got to the part about about the Viking girl and Nadder chasing them, Ken's eyes were wide with astonishment and disbelief. When they were done, the sun still in the sky, Ken and his sister and Josiah had gone silent.

Finally Josiah spoke up. "Well, it looks like we'll have to face the Vikings sooner or later."

Shelly looked up at him. "Does that mean we're going down to the village to see them?"

Josiah got up and nodded. "Either we go to them and convince them that we mean no harm, or they'll come here and take us prisoner. And who knows what they'll do with those dragons that they control."

Shelly stood up. "Are you sure this is a good idea, Josiah?"

Josiah's only response was to frown and pace to a narrow opening in the cove's corner. They were all feeling a bit on the edge. They'd already interfered with the course of history by being seen by a

Viking, and none of them knew what the effects of that would be.

Shelly was about to ask Ken if this idea was crazy or not when Josiah looked up at the ridge of the cove and let out a sharp gasp, his eyes wide.

Shelly and Ken went over to him and when they turned around to see what Josiah was looking at, they gasped as well and dashed behind him.

Along the top of the ridge were Vikings. And with them, their reptilian eyes on the trio, were the dragons.

When Josiah looked at them his face was grim. "Well, the good news is, we won't have to go to the village to see the Vikings and dragons. The bad news is, the Vikings and dragons have come to us."

:::

The trio huddled close together. The Vikings and their dragons, who were only a few, stood on the ridge watching them. Some of the men pointed and stared at them, talking in hushed tones to each other about the strangers and their strange looking machines. The women who were with them, also carrying weapons themselves, spoke to each other while pointing to Shelly, Ken and Josiah.

Josiah kept Shelly and her brother close to him. He didn't trust these Vikings anymore than they trusted them. Anyone who could control a creature such as a dragon could not be trusted, not in his eyes anyway. To him, these dragons were the Viking's greatest weapons. And any weapon that could breathe fire was a danger to him and his friends.

"What do they want?" Said Ken, looking up at the Vikings uneasily.

"I don't know, Ken," Said Josiah, his voice firm. "But you and your sister stay close to me, understand?"

The both of them nodded.

The Vikings stayed where they were on the ridge, their dragons growling down at the intruders. Ken saw that they consisted of Zipplebacks, and Monstrous Nightmares. Vicious things they were.

Ken noticed that the dragons had saddles on their backs and necks. They looked like they were custom made from leather or old horse saddles.

Shelly was nervous. She had already had that run-in with the Nadder and now these guys. Just great.

There was a sudden flapping sound above and looking up, squinting in the sun, the trio saw two more dragons with riders. They landed in front of the kids and Ken stared open mouthed at the sleek black dragon that the taller rider was riding. Ken knew what this dragon was, but it was impossible. It was a Night Fury.

The dragon was medium-sized with a sleek, dark body with shades of a

navy blue coloration. The body itself was panther-like with a axolotl appearance. The dragon had two pairs of wings with a shape similar to a bat, ear-like plates on the back of its head as well as other pairs around its jaw. But the eyes are what caught Ken's attention. They were large, yellowish-green, and cat-like. The neck was short and Ken could see that the Night Fury had no horns at all. Ken looked at the dragon's size and estimated that the animal was probably around 8.5 meters at least. Even though the dragon was medium-sized and looked sort of cute, Ken could tell that this was a powerful dragon with the clean, sleek look of a panther. And like the other Vikings with their dragons this one was also wearing a saddle.

The second dragon was the Stormcutter that Ken had met earlier that day in the cove. But unlike the Viking's dragons on the ridge and the Night-Fury, this one didn't have a saddle.

The two riders dismounted and approached the trio, their dragons staying close to them.

Josiah studied them both and saw that the young man who had flown in on the Night Fury looked almost about the same age as him, twenty or nineteen. He was tall at 6'1, like him, and his hair, which was brown-red and was somewhat scraggy, was unkempt and had two small braids behind his right ear. He seemed to have a leaner, stronger build than Josiah as well and a few stubbles along his chin. His eyes were green just like Jane Whitney's. His outfit, Josiah noticed, was partly leather around his upper body with what appeared to be a type of armor along with arm brackets that seemed to be designed by himself, making the guy look more like his Night Fury. The guy even had a prosthetic leg on his left foot that seemed mechanical like a Swiss-army knife. How that happened to him was Josiah's guess.

The woman beside him was tall and unlike the Viking women who were heavyset and wide, she had a thin figure like the young man beside her. Her hair was auburn and was tied in three separate braids behind her back. She also had light olive skin. Josiah couldn't tell if she was around in her 50's, but he assumed she was because of the grey strands in her hair. She was dressed in a yellow long sleeve tunic, an orange belt that was tied around her waist, and wore brown pants that appeared layered. Over her tunic was a chest plate with a large fur collar. It had large round shoulder pads as well. She had armbands and wore boots on her feet that had spikes on their sides. She also had a long staff in her hand that looked like it was made from bone or wood. And it had hooks at each end that were ivory colored and looked like they had some sort of holes that had rocks or pebbles between them.

And upon seeing them together in that way, them looking alike, Josiah guessed that the two of them were mother and son.

The two Vikings stood before the trio, the boy walking up to them first.

Josiah tensed, his gaze glaring at the young adult Viking.

"It's all right," He said, holding up a hand to show that he meant no harm to the trio. "Look, we're not gonna' hurt you, all right? We just want to know who you are and what you're doing here on Berk, okay?"

Josiah, being the adult of his group, stepped forward. "My is Josiah Clover. And these," He pointed to Shelly and Ken. "are my friends, Shelly and Ken Blake."

The two kids waved tentatively to the Viking, feeling a bit more bolder then before.

He smiled and gave them a friendly wave.

"It's nice to meet you," He said. "My name's Hiccup."

Josiah raised an eyebrow and Shelly almost giggled. Ken tried to stifle a laugh.

"Hiccup?" Josiah said, trying not to smile at the humorous name. "What kind of name is that for a Viking?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "I know it sounds silly," He said in a sarcastic-like tone. "but it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls."

Shelly looked around at the Vikings on the ridge.

"Like your charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that." She said, pointing at the men.

Hiccup chuckled.

"Yeah, well, don't let the villagers scare you," He said. "There's nothing to worry about. We're just not used to seeing new, strangely dressed people here on Berk, that's all."

"We didn't mean to intrude," Ken said, walking forward. "We just came here to see dragons and Vikings."

Hiccup looked at Josiah, his brow raised. "Is that true?"

Josiah nodded.

"It is, Hiccup," He said sincerely. "My friends and I came here to know about the dragons here on Berk."

Hiccup seemed unsure.

Hiccup's mother stepped forward. Unlike her son, who was sometimes a little bit too trusty of strangers, she wasn't so privy to that idea. The tall woman looked over the trio, studying them hard.

"And what tribe are you three from?" She asked, her eyes slightly narrowed in suspicion. "I've never seen clothes such as yours in my lifetime. Or," She pointed to the time buggies which were now surrounded by several Viking men who were poking and prodding at them. "Machines such as yours."

Josiah turned to face her, frowning slightly.

"And you are?" He said, his voice a little edgy.

Hiccup jumped in, trying to get control of the situation before either of them said something unfriendly. He said, "Ah, this is my

mother, Valka. And please don't take this the wrong way or anything, but we just liked to know where you three are from. If that's okay with you."

Josiah knew that playing dumb to these Vikings would never work with the old, _'we are from a faraway land'_, speech. That trick would have worked on anyone from the past, but Josiah could tell that this Viking woman was not a fool.

They could tell the truth, and have the Vikings think they were mad or crazy. Or not say anything at all.

The truth, Josiah had learned from his mother, was always important. The problem was how do you explain that you're a time traveler to a bunch of Vikings?

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* * *

><p>Here's chap5. i hope you readers are enjoying it!<p>

I do not own HTTYD.

This is my first HTTYD fanfic I am writing, so give me good reviews when you read it.

6. Getting To Know You

Chapter 6: Getting To Know You

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Josiah decided that it was best that they told Hiccup and Valka the truth of who they were. There was no other way and lying wouldn't do. Valka would see right through that and Josiah had an uneasy feeling that the older woman showed distrust for him and his friends. But the twenty-one year old would not be intimidated by this Viking woman.

"Well, Hiccup, if you want to know who we really are," Josiah said. "Then we'll only tell you and your mother. The rest of your tribe cannot know."

hiccup considered that for a moment. It would be probably a good idea if the whole village didn't know the whole story about the trio.

"Very well," Said Hiccup as he turned back toward his dragon. "You and your friends can come back with us to Berk. We'll discuss the matter back at our house."

Valka nodded, but still had that leery look on her face. Josiah could tell that the Viking woman was going to be a hard case if they were going to earn her trust. She turned and went back to her dragon.

Nodding, Josiah said, "All right, Hiccup, you got a deal."

Shelly and Ken went over to the campsite and started packing up. Josiah climb into his time buggy and started it up the hover mode. The vehicle converted to hover mode slowly, floating in the air just above the ground.

The Vikings on the ridge and in the cove watched in utter and complete amazement at what the newcomer was doing. Some even pointed and backed away as the buggy arose higher. Even Hiccup and Valka watched with wide eyes at the time buggy. Josiah had to chuckle at this. This sometimes happened whenever the trio took the time buggies to time periods with little or no technology.

Shelly and Ken climbed aboard their buggy and followed after Josiah in the air.

Hiccup and Valka took to the air with their dragons and led the way back to Berk. Josiah followed them with Shelly and Ken right behind him.

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Valka flew Cloudjumper beside her son and Toothless, while looking behind her to make sure the outsiders were following in their strange flying machines.

Her son, now the new Viking chief of Berk, was probably making a mistake allowing these strangers into the village. Even though they didn't look dangerous, the two children being one of them, or had any weapons of any sort, Valka felt that the strangers were hiding something. She knew that she would get the answers back at her house, but what if they didn't give her or her son the whole story of who they were?

The memories of Drago Bludvist and the terrible battle of Berk still had not faded from her memories. Of that terrible day when she had lost her husband, Stoick the vast.

She only hoped that her son was making the right decision to bring them to the village.

:::

They flew in silence for five minutes until they reached the village. Josiah looked down and saw that some of the villagers were gathered in front of a large wooden house on top of a large hill. The house was a three-story building with a large wooden dragon head on the front upper floor.

Hiccup led the party toward it and landed in the front yard where the steps led up to the house. Valka landed beside him and the both of them dismounted.

Josiah and his friends hovered in the air, uncertain of where to park their buggies. Hiccup looked up at them and gestured for them to park at the side of the house. Josiah nodded and flew down to the ground to where Hiccup had pointed to. Once they had landed, both buggies parked beside each other, Josiah, Shelly, and Ken walked around to the front where Hiccup and Valka were waiting for them.

A large crowd of Viking men and women were gathering around the yard

and Josiah got an uneasy feeling from so many people gathered in one place. Many were staring at him and his friends, and whispering to one another while pointing either at their clothes or at Josiah himself. Though there appeared to be no threat or spite intended, Josiah couldn't help but feel uncomfortable. When he thought about it, the twenty-one year old had felt less uncomfortable when he had been on the receiving end of Valka's distrusting looks.

The crowd of Vikings moved aside for Hiccup and Valka as they made their way toward their home.

Josiah looked out over the crowd and spotted the same blond Viking girl with the Deadly Nadder that they had been chased by earlier. She was scowling up at him and Josiah couldn't help but look away from her. What could he say, looks could kill.

Hiccup opened the large door of the house and gestured for the trio to go inside. Not wanting to appear rude, and wanting to get away from the stares of the villagers, Josiah ushered his friends inside quickly.

Once they were all inside, Toothless included, Hiccup closed the door, drowning out the sounds of the people outside.

Looking around, the three kids could see that the house that Hiccup and Valka lived in was large and spacious. There was a large fire pit in the center of the room and a hearth on the far side across from the pit. To the left was a staircase that led up to the second floor.

Valka gestured to a medium sized table with three wooden chairs on the right side of the room from where the pit was.

"You three can sit there," She said, not unkindly. "I'll make us something to eat."

"Thank you, ma'am," Said Ken with a thankful smile as he seated himself on a chair. Shelly and Josiah took a seat as well, placing their backpacks behind them.

Valka smiled down at him and Josiah could tell that she was starting to warm-up to them a little.

While Valka busied herself in the small kitchen, Hiccup took a seat with them at the table, removing some of his armor and placing it on the back of his chair.

"I guess you have a lot of questions, huh?" Said Shelly as Hiccup removed his other armor on his shoulder. Toothless joined beside him.

"You could say that," He nodded with a grunt, placing the pad on the middle of the table. "I'm quite curious as to where you come from and where you got those two machines from. Basically, everything."

"It's going to sound crazy, Hiccup," Said Ken.

The young adult Viking chuckled. "I've done crazy before and I've listened to crazy, too. You guys should be no different."

Josiah nodded and leaned forward a bit so that he had eye contact with the young Viking.

"Well, Hiccup," He said while taking in a breath. "ask away."

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The next two hours went by with question after question. And the time kids, while eating the bowl of soup Valka provided, answered them. Not everything about the dragon book, but enough so that they didn't carelessly mess-up history. Hiccup and Valka in turn told the time travelers about Berk and about how the war with dragons had almost torn the island apart.

The kids listened as Hiccup told them about how he had wanted to be a true Viking, how he had shot down Toothless, how he had befriended the dragon, and how he and his bud had united the humans and dragons together.

The trio were impressed that one mere Viking could have done something that would change the way Vikings lived. Though all of this was amazing and all, Ken didn't remember reading anything about this sort of thing in any history books back at home. Maybe the island of Berk had remained isolated for thousands of years and the mention of Vikings living in harmony with dragons was never mentioned in any of the history books or documentaries.

Hiccup wanted to know more about the 21st century and Ken and Shelly provided him the info. It was a lot for the twenty year old Viking chief to take in on how mankind had evolved over thousands of years. Technology in the future, in his eyes, sounded way more advanced than the meager tools and items that Hiccup and Gobber had ever made in the blacksmith forge.

Valka was most interested in the cities that the kids had mentioned before.

"You've talked of these cities before," She said to Josiah. "but just what exactly is a city, lad, if you don't mind my asking?"

Josiah pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Hmm..." He began. "It's gonna be kinda difficult explaining something like this, Valka. Like trying to explain color to a blind guy. In fact, you probably won't even understand half the things I'll talk about."

"That may be, Josiah," The Viking woman replied. "But just try anyway, alright?"

"Fine, have it your way." Josiah took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. "How to explain a city... well, for starters they're basically just places where people live. And they're huge!"

"You mean like Berk?" She asked.

"Wellâ€¦ not exactly like this island, no." Josiah continued. "Cities are much larger than this place. Some of the largest cities of the century I've seen even span for several miles."

Valka and Hiccup's eyes widened.

"Are you serious?" Asked Hiccup.

"Yeah, and each city is full of people, who live in these really tall structures called buildings." Josiah noticed that Valka was a bit confused on the term building. "I guess the best way to describe a building, is that it's like a rectangular mountain that's gradually constructed by people."

"Amazing," Hiccup breathed.

Valka was able to smile a little, but then, a dark thought crept into her mind. And she asked it out, "Josiah, I'd like to know—are there dragons around in your time?"

Josiah, Shelly, and Ken knew that question was going to pop-up sooner or later from one of them. But why, thought Josiah, did it have to be Valka? The twenty-one year old knew that this dragon woman cared and deeply loved the dragons on Berk. To tell her would only sadden her and the little trust that she had for them could go flying out the window.

Shelly decided to tell her since it was a lot more easier hearing it from a child than an adult.

"No, miss Valka. There are no dragons." The young twelve year old looked at her as the shock alone on her face answered on how she took it, "To tell you the truth, in our time period, they're considered only legends; people don't think they're even real at all."

"But how can the world live without dragons?"

Shelly looked away, her face showing a little bit of guilt for having told her this.

Josiah stated, "Valka, people just spend most of their time doing obvious everyday stuff. Working, eating, watching TV, surfing the net, or whatever else we do. I guess when doing stuff like that, they intend to not care about that sort of thing."

The Viking woman looked saddened. Hiccup was a little disturbed by the fact that not only were dragons nonexistent in the future, but people had almost completely forgotten about them and had written them off as some kind of make believe fantasy.

Valka had always thought that dragons were forever. To be told that they were no longer of the world in the future was hard to except. A world without dragons just seemed wrong.

But Hiccup didn't care. That was the future, not the present. Not now. The dragons were still here. Toothless was still here. And their futures _were_ not set.

Even though dragons were nonexistent in these three's future, that didn't mean he could still show them that dragons could be remembered.

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That night, while the time kids were asleep in their tents outside, Valka had gone to the new dragon stable with Cloudjumper off Raven Point. The new stable had been carved and made by Whispering Death dragons in order for there to be more room on Berk for the Bewilderbeast's dragons who had lost their home. Though some of the dragons had returned there, others remained because Toothless was the alpha now.

Valka needed time to think in the stable. Alone. With her dragons.

The three travelers of time, those three kids from the future, and of what she was told by them had bewildered and confused her. Dragons nonexistent in the future? How could that happen?

An answer flooded her mind of the prospect that Drago Bludvist would one day return with his Bewilderbeast to Berk and finish what he had started. Fear crept up her spine. Though it had been weeks since his defeat and no sign of him or his Bewilderbeast, Drago was still out there.

Once she and Cloudjumper arrived at the stable and had settled down in a makeshift nest, her thoughts went back to her and her son's conversation. When the trio had went outside to sleep, Valka and Hiccup discussed on what was going to happen tomorrow.

Hiccup wanted to show the three time travelers the dragons of Berk so that they could show others in the future that dragons truly were alive. Valka reminded her son that the whole village would have to know about the three travelers first before he could do that. Hiccup said he would, once everyone in the village was awake and in the Great Hall together with their dragons. But the bit about them being time travelers from the future he would leave out.

Valka thought the idea of the three learning about dragons was all right in her opinion, but would it be enough? They did say that they wanted to know more about dragons, didn't they? Especially that young lad, Ken. Valka could see right off that Cloudjumper liked the little lad. And her dragon companion was a good judge of character. Making up her mind, Valka rested her head against Cloudjumper's body.

Tomorrow, along with Hiccup and Toothless, she would teach the three kids the knowledge she had learned about dragons.

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><p>Here's chap 5. I hope you readers are enjoying it!<p>

I do not own HTTYD.

This is my first HTTYD fanfic I am writing, so give me good reviews when you read it.

7. To know a Dragon

Chapter 7: To know a Dragon

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Ken was the first person to awake in his group. He wanted an early start to get a chance to see some of the dragons up close. He wanted to lift up their claws and look at their talons, he wanted to see how big their wingspans were and how they breathed real fire. Eagerness swept through him at the thought of being the first 21st century kid in history to study dragons up close.

The first dragon he wanted to examine was Toothless. And it was his luck that the Night Fury was already up early, standing on top of the roof of the house, his eyes looking down at the young human.

Looking up at the sky, Ken could see that it was starting to get a little more lighter. The sun was still raising over the crest of the ocean and he could feel and smell the ocean breeze from where he was standing. That and the smell of burning wood and fish.

Ken yawned and stretched, getting out all the kinks. He reached into his pocket and took out the T.W.C Holodat, or Holographic Data Dex for short. This was a portable device from 2035 that showed the species of an animal and other information in a holographic image. Zeke had it modified so that it could scan dragons and read down their information.

Ken smiled and flipped it open. The blue screen came to life and a female monotone voice came from the small speakers between the flat screen.

"_T.W.C Holodat activated," _Said the voice. _"Choose the dragon or animal you wish to scan." _

Ken looked up at Toothless and gestured for the Night Fury to come down from the roof. Toothless surprisingly obeyed and climbed down from the roof and to the ground where Ken was standing. The ten year old felt a little apprehensive at first. He hadn't known the Night Fury long since last night when the dragon was with Hiccup at the table. Though he seemed friendly, the experience back at the cove with the Stormcutter had shaken him. Still, Ken wanted to study the Night Fury up close. And a little thing like fear wasn't going to stop him.

Like with a dog, Ken held out his hand for the dragon to sniff, doing it underhand with palms facing up. Toothless inched closer and Ken kept still while trying not to shake. Toothless sniffed Ken's open palm and the time kid could see that his head lined up with the dragon's muzzle. Toothless cooed and leaned into Ken, nuzzling the boy against his cheek. Ken giggled and stroked the Night Fury along the side of his head, keeping the Holodat in the other.

Knowing that the dragon was now comfortable with him, Ken stepped back a little and pointed the Holodat at Toothless. He pressed a button and a reddish light came out of the Holodat's upper cover where the lens was located. Toothless, curious of the strange object, inched a little closer and sniffed at the Holodat. Ken kept the device close to him so that the dragon wouldn't take it by mistake. The red light faded as the scan finished and the computer voice said, _"Scan completed," _and then a holographic image of Toothless appeared above the screen in a bluish hue.

Toothless, startled by the sudden appearance of the sound and light from the device, took a step back with a growl, his teeth bared. Ken held up a hand hurriedly, not wanting the dragon to get upset.

"Whoa, it's okay, it's alright," He said, keeping his hand up. "this isn't going to hurt you."

The Night Fury relaxed a bit and sheathed his teeth back into his gums, the eyes going back to being round and friendly. Ken tilted his head in curiosity. Retractable teeth. He hadn't seen that feature when he had met the Stormcutter from yesterday.

Once the scan was done and the holographic image of the dragon faded, Ken closed the cover over it and tucked the device back in his pocket. The Holodat had an auto save to file process and a storage document for data that had been scanned.

Now it was time to physically check out the dragon.

Ken took out from his other back pocket a notebook and a black-ink pen. He then walked around the Night Fury's body, taking down notes and mumbling to himself in an RPG-like way. Ken wrote about the dragon's height, its length, and the width of its wingspan. While he was doing this, Toothless watched him with a mix of curiosity and puzzlement, wondering what the little human was doing.

When Ken stopped beside the dragon's hindquarters and started to examine the upper base fins, it suddenly crossed his mind that he couldn't tell if the Night Fury was a boy or a girl. He had heard Hiccup call Toothless _**'bud'**_ all the time, but he hadn't really been sure or if he remembered. But he decided to check anyway. No harm in checking, right?

Putting the notebook and pen in one hand and kneeling down on one knee, Ken used the other hand to lift the back rear fin out of the way.

"Excuse me, Toothless, if you don't mind," He said casually as he looked between the dragon's back legs and under his tail quickly.

Toothless gave the time kid a confused look with an even greater confused growl.

Finding nothing out of the ordinary down there, Ken got to his feet and wrote down in his notebook again.

"Looks like a regular dragon's butt," He muttered quietly to himself as he wrote. "how odd."

The dragon put his ears back against his head, and groaned, moving away from the little human. Though it wasn't a groan of anger, Toothless did feel a bit annoyed.

Ken scratched the back of his head in confusion as he watched the Night Fury walk away. How were the Vikings here on Berk suppose to tell if their dragon was male or female anyway? Shrugging, he went back to his tent.

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later that morning, while village was starting awaken, Hiccup had Josiah, Shelly, and Ken go with him to the Great Hall. His mother, along with Cloudjumper, joined them with Toothless by his side.

The trio got a good look around them of the village and could still not believe that dragons and Vikings were working and living in harmony.

Once they were all in the Great Hall and seated on chairs beside Hiccup and his mother, the time kids took a look around of the inside of the building. The hall was sizeable and roomy with a large circular table at the center, surrounded by many normal tables. There were touches along the walls and on beams of wood as well, giving the hall some light.

It didn't take long for the villagers to gather in the hall for the meeting.

The place was packed with Vikings and the kids could see that there were some children among them as well. There were some dragons, but these were Terrible Terrors, perched upon the shoulders of some of their Viking owners. Toothless and Cloudjumper were the only big dragons in the hall, who were standing behind their human companions.

Hiccup, who was dressed in his chieftain robes, stood up and held out a hand for the hall to be silent. The voices in the hall died down to a steady murmur. Valka smiled up at her son. He looked so much like Stoick, so much like his father standing there in his robes.

Hiccup addressed the villagers and told them about the trio, who were looking as if they were on trail or something. The Vikings had some of their eyes on the newcomers while also on Hiccup.

The young Viking chieftain told the villagers about their guests and that they were to be treated with hospitality and homage. Again there was more murmur within the crowd. Hiccup, on his and Valka's part, did not tell the villagers about the group being time travelers or that they came from the future.

Astrid, along with her other friends, save for Fishlegs, were still a little suspicious about the three newcomers. Astrid remembered what had happened the last time they had trusted a stranger. Where these three newcomers any different?

Some of the villagers were not quite sure if they could trust the three kids but not wanting to argue with their chief, they clapped and some even cheered.

Josiah let out a sigh of relief. Ken and Shelly were relieved as well. Hiccup had smoothed things with his village and the Vikings themselves looked like they were not going to give them any problems. And if the three time travelers played their cards right, their trip here on Berk could turn out to be fun and educational.

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After the villagers had left the Great Hall, save for Astrid, Hiccup and Toothless decided that it was time for them to do some flying. Fishlegs, a large and fat Viking in his twenties, offered to show Josiah and his friends around the dragon stables. But Valka had offered first to show them her dragon stables near Raven Point. Josiah decided that he would go with Fishlegs to check out Berk's stables and Shelly and Ken would go with Valka.

Josiah was most curious as to how an island like this was able to house a variety of dragons and still have humans live with them. Ken and Shelly wanted to see Berk's dragons first but decided to check out the newer species first with Valka.

"I'll see you guys later," Josiah said, following Fishlegs down to the stables. "Let's meet back at Hiccup's house in...fifteenth minutes, okay?"

They both nodded as they watched him leave.

Valka called for Cloudjumper and the dragon landed beside her and she climbed upon his back behind his upper spike behind his head. She then motioned for Shelly and Ken to join her. Shelly, eager to fly on a dragon for the first time, made her way nimbly up Cloudjumper's outstretched upper wing and seated herself behind the spike Valka was standing in front of. Ken was less than eager than his sister. He looked up with uncertainty at the dragon and at the long spikes along its back.

"You want me to ride on that thing?" Ken said, backing away a little. He wasn't a big fan of flying. "Couldn't we just, I don't know, walk?"

Cloudjumper looked down at him and gave the ten year old a soft indignant growl and Shelly frowned down at him.

"My little brother is afraid of heights," Shelly told Valka simply. "He-"

Ken spun on her in fury: "You shut up, sis!"

"It's true, Miss Valka, he is,"

Valka looked down at Ken, his face fearful and pale. She sympathized with the young lad. She knew full well what it was like the first time she flew. Being abducted by Cloudjumper and carried away twenty years ago was an experience she would never forget.

"It's alright, lad," She said reassuringly to the boy. "Cloudjumper won't go that high and we won't be in the air for too long. The new stables are just near Raven Point."

Ken gulped and moved forward, his confidence steadily building.

Valka lowered her staff down to him and Ken took hold of it with both hands. She lifted him up onto Cloudjumper's back and Ken sat down behind his sister on the second spike. Without a proper seat-belt or saddle to keep them in place, the two kids had to hold on tightly to Cloudjumper's spikes. The dragon then lifted off into sky with a rush of wings and a loud roar. Shelly and Ken held on tightly to their

spikes, wrapping their bare legs around them for extra measure. But while Cloudjumper flew, Shelly whoop and hollered with excitement. She had never felt an experience like this before in her life.

Ken, not so much. The poor boy was almost green with air sickness and really tried hard not to vomit. That would have been uncool.

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Fishlegs showed Josiah the way to the dragon stables, all the while rambling on about different classes of dragons and so forth. Josiah liked the fat Viking. Though he tended to ramble-off on the mouth a lot, he was cool. With them was Fishleg's bolder class dragon, a Gronkle named Meatlug, who's wings looked like they were impossible to ever lift a heavy dragon like that. Surprisingly, much to Josiah's astonishment, Meatlug could fly with no problem.

When they reached the stables, which was located below ground level, Josiah could see that this was not a normal stable like it would be for horses.

The stable was a large, customized round stone room with a high ceiling. There were torches around the place that gave the stable some light. There were two floors, one at the bottom and top. There were even stone steps that led up to the upper level where a large pair of doors was located. Josiah had to hand it to the Vikings here on Berk; they knew had to use dragons. The dragons had their own stables as well. The place was a lot more colorful, too. Josiah whistled as he looked around. Fishlegs smiled with appreciation.

"We even have feeding troughs for the dragons in the village as well," Said Fishlegs as pointed upward. "Do you wanna see 'em?"

"Sure," Said Josiah, following the large Viking up the stone steps to the second floor.

When they got to the surface, Fishlegs guiding him up a spiral staircase of stone, Josiah could see more feeding troughs that were actually customized wells and fountains. Some dragons were feeding from it now. There was a Nadder and a Monstrous Nightmare, and a few baby dragons that Josiah did not recognize.

"What kind of dragons are those, Fishlegs?" Josiah said as he pointed to the baby dragons who looked like a cross between a Zippleback and a Nadder. Yet they had the same size of an adult human. Their mouths were wide and their eyes were big and roundish. They also came in different varieties of colors.

"Oh, those are called Scuttleclaws," Fishlegs said. "I haven't seen an adult yet, but these are just babies."

Josiah looked at the dragons with a raised brow. "Those are babies?"

Fishlegs nodded as one of the Scuttleclaws came over to them, playfully squeaking and wagging its tail.

"Aren't they just the cutest thing?" Cooed Fishlegs, reaching out a

hand and scratching under the dragon's chin. "But they're hard to control. They don't listen to anyone, not even to Toothless."

Josiah asked, "Why would they listen to Toothless?"

"You didn't know?" Fishlegs said. "Toothless is the alpha here on Berk."

Josiah almost had his jaw drop. He shook his head. "He's the alpha of here? As in the alpha of all the dragons?"

"That's right," Said Fishlegs with a smile on his face. "Just as Hiccup is the chief here on Berk."

Josiah looked around at the village and at all the dragons and Vikings in it, trying to get his head around what Hiccup and Toothless were up against.

Hiccup was the chief of Berk while his dragon, Toothless, was the alpha of all the dragons as well. Talk about multitasking.

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><p>Here's chap 7. I hope you readers are enjoying it!<p>

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8. Into the Dragon's Den

Chapter 8: Into the Dragon's Den

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Ken held in his lunch as best he could, trying not to spew it all over himself or Cloudjumper's scales. Flying was for birds and planes. Not for him! True he did fly in the time buggy in hover mode many times but he had always been safe. On a dragon he was exposed to the elements with no cover to protect him. Or a seat belt.

He sister was having a blast in front of him however. Lucky her.

Why she was the tomboy of his family, he really didn't know. She was all fun, easy-going and tough. He was all books, caution and didn't have a lot of self confidence. He had the smarts while she was a sports-nut. But she had brains as well. Ken only wished that she would use them once and a while in school or something.

They flew for about only five minutes to Raven Point. The morning air was brisk and cool with the wind rushing by them, whipping at their hair and clothes.

When they arrived and had landed, Shelly and Ken could see that the new stable was yet another customized cave. It was built into the side of the cliff so that there was no other way of getting to it by

means of walking. There was a large balcony that had been constructed on the edge of the cave's mouth. That was where they were now, getting off of Cloudjumper's back.

The cave mouth was large and wide enough for many dragons to fly through. The inside was a little dark. But Shelly and Ken knew who to follow. Valka led the way into the cave, Cloudjumper right behind her.

The two kids followed close beside Valka, Ken looking around worriedly for any signs of a dragon that could be hiding in the cave.

The cave itself was well constructed and roomy. Shelly and Ken took out their SONY HD Camcorders from their fanny packs and took pictures and live video. Valka didn't pay them much mind. She had already seen the futuristic devices from last night when the trio had shown her son and herself the things within their backpacks.

"So why was this stable constructed, Valka?" Shelly asked. "There's plenty of room in the Berk's stables."

Valka chuckled, and she waved a hand around at the cave. "The dragons of the Bewilderbeast clan don't feel very comfortable being so close to humans or dragons they don't know or trust. Some of them were caught in traps made by dragon trappers. Those that were injured or had lost a limb, I was able to rescue in time."

Shelly looked at Valka. "Dragon trappers?"

"Aye," Said Valka. And there was a dark look on her face. "Drago Bludvist and his trappers caused most of the injuries to the dragons that myself and Cloudjumper were able to save. But those dragons had been emotionally scared by that man's act of cruelty so much that some of them don't completely trust humans."

Ken looked down sadly. Shelly was a little confused by all this.

"And the dragons...how are they doing now?" Asked Ken.

"Much better now that they have more room," Said Valka, smiling down at him. "My relationship with the dragons has let them trust me. Even my son and Toothless have gained their trust."

"That maybe all well and good and all, Miss Valka," Ken said apprehensively. "But what about us? Your dragons haven't met us yet."

"Don't worry, lad," Valka said, putting a hand on the boy's shoulder. "the dragons won't hurt you, not as long as they see you has a friend."

"Are you sure about that?" Shelly asked her and Ken could see that she looked concerned not just for herself, but for him as well.

"Oh, I'm quite sure, lass," Said Valka. "they'll get to know you and-ah, here we are."

They came around a corner to a section of the cave that was very big.

They stood on a shelf of rock that had a stone staircase leading down below to a lower area of the cave, which had a flat rocky flooring that was covered in moss. The cavern was full of dragons. These were the new species that had been part of the Bewilderbeast sanctuary.

"Amazing," Said Shelly as she stared in wonder at the dragons.

Valka motioned for the kids to follow her down the stairs. Shelly followed her, followed closely by Cloudjumper. Ken didn't move. Shelly turned back to her brother and stabbed in the air with a forceful finger.

"Will you come on, Ken," Shelly shot at him. "It's fine. They're not going to hurt you. I trust Valka's word."

Ken reluctantly obeyed his older sister and nimbly made his way down the stone stairs to join her and Valka.

The dragons in the den, some of them still sleeping, looked up and saw Valka and Cloudjumper, who growled out to his clan mates. The dragons respectively bowed their heads to the Stormcutter and he in turn did the same. There was no need for Valka to bow to them. They knew who she was.

But not who her little friends were. The dragons shifted restlessly at the two young humans, unable to understand why Valka had brought more humans to their new den. But some of the dragons were curious about the colorful little newcomers, who looked like they were harmless enough.

As they made their way down the stairs and to the floor, Ken hastily making his way next to his sister and Valka, some of the dragons gathered around.

Valka instructed Shelly and Ken to let the dragons make the first move, which wasn't so hard since they were practically surrounded by the large reptiles. Valka then moved off to Cloudjumper's side and watched as the dragons moved in on Shelly and Ken. The two time travelers stayed close together as several of the dragons leaned in to sniff at them. A Snafflefang, a dragon the size of a horse with a large body and spiked and rounded tail, gently nuzzled Shelly on her shoulder and made a growling purring sound.

Valka chuckled. "He wants you to give him a scratch there, lass," She said as she pointed her staff at the dragon. "Go ahead."

Shelly tentatively reached out her hand and started to scratch the large dragon along its broad head. The Snafflefang leaned into the scratch, gurgling with pleasure.

Ken had backed away a bit so that he could take a picture with his camcorder. What he failed to notice was a dragon coming up from behind him, sniffing curiously. The unmannered dragon then placed its snout right under Ken's rear, lifting the young lad's feet off the ground. Ken yelped and jumped away in complete horror at being sniffed like a dog would another dog.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!" He shouted, covering his backside with both his hands and glaring at the dragon. "You watch where you

put that nose of yours, buddy!"

Valka threw back her head and laughed. Even Shelly snickered as her brother dashed behind her back while still glaring at the dragon, who gave Ken an indigent snort and flew away. But Shelly could see that his face had turned a flaming red.

"Sorry about that, lad." Said Valka, trying to compose herself. "But some of the dragons here like to get to know others by testing their scent that way."

Ken shot her a look while turning off his camcorder. "Oh sure, ma'am, a simple handshake wouldn't do!"

"It would," Said Shelly. "If they had hands, that is."

Ken wasn't smiling at the joke.

For the rest of five minutes Valka showed the two kids around the cave and introduced them to some of the injured dragons that she had rescued. A blinded Hobblegrunt, a Raincutter with a torn wing, and a Snafflefang with a missing left limb.

These Valka and Cloudjumper had managed to save from trappers and Drago, but it hadn't been easy for them. The three dragons stayed close to each other, to keep one another fed and for company.

Valka had Shelly and Ken feed them fish so that they would be able to gain the dragons trust. The Hobblegrunt seemed more at ease with Shelly as she fed it. The dragon leaned its frilled head down to her and sniffed at her hair curiously. Shelly noticed that the dragon could change its color just like a chameleon. Though the dragon was only nine feet in height and blind, its other senses allowed it to know where it was.

Ken wasn't having much luck with the Raincutter and Snafflefang. The two dragons were refusing to take any fish from him. Even when he held up the fish for them both to eat, his hands beginning to feel cold and clammy, the two stubborn dragons refused to take them.

"They're not taking the fish, Valka," Ken sighed, putting the fish back into the woven casket. "I guess I don't have that sort of gift like your son has."

Valka was about to say something reassuringly to him, when she saw the Raincutter lean down toward Ken, its snout twitching as it sniffed him. The Snafflefang did the same, sniffing at the boy's hair. Ken stopped and turned his head around to look at what the dragons were doing.

"Uh, what are you guys doing?" Asked Ken as the dragons continued to sniff him.

Before Ken could move away, The Raincutter opened its jaws and grabbed hold of the back of Ken's shorts, pulling him up.

"OW!" Ken cried out as he felt a very familiar "and unpleasant" feeling inside his clothing. It was a wedgie! Not this again!

The Raincutter held Ken in the air while the disgruntled ten year old tried to shake himself free from its hold.

Shelly and Valka couldn't help but burst out laughing at the poor boy's misfortune. Ken didn't think it was funny at all!

"Put me down, you scaly old thing!" Ken yelled up at the sharp class dragon. But the Raincutter just grunted and ignored him.

"Hold on, Ken, I'm coming." Said Shelly, trying to hold back her snickers as she moved forward to help him.

But as she did, Ken flailed his arms again and then finally slumped over in defeat, knowing it was pointless to resist. Unfortunately, much to Shelly's embarrassment, Ken's butt was sticking out from his shorts for all to see. Shelly turned away quickly, her cheeks blushing and her eyes closed from the exposing sight.

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"That was without a doubt the most humiliating thing that's ever happened to me!" Ken grumbled at Shelly, hitching up his pants and adjusting his underwear.

It had taken all but four minutes for Valka to get the Raincutter to let Ken go. The poor boy had been yelling-up such a racket that some of the dragons flew out of the cave in annoyance. Even the Snafflefang flew away in irritation.

"Come on, Ken," Said Shelly as she followed him and Valka out of the den and to the entrance. "The dragon was just playing, wasn't it?"

"You call that playing?" Ken spun around and snapped at her. "What was it doing grabbing me like that and messing up my undies? Now I have to straighten out my little boy underwear."

Valka chuckled humorlessly at the young lad's use of words.

"That Raincutter was just being playful," Valka said as she got onto Cloudjumper's back when they had reached the entrance. "I rarely bring people here to the new sanctuary, and the dragons don't get to play that often because they are still getting use to being here on Berk."

"And besides," Added Shelly with a grin as she got on as well. "It was kinda funny seeing your bottom stick-out like that."

Ken frowned at her. "You're just lucky you didn't see what the stork saw, sis."

He climbed aboard Cloudjumper and got behind Shelly. The Stormcutter dragon then lifted off into and sky and headed back in the direction of Berk.

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Josiah had just about finished his tour of Berk with Fishlegs. The nineteen year old Viking then showed Josiah the blacksmith forge where Gobber the Belch was working.

He was a big and burly man in his fifties built like all the other Vikings, but with a genuine beer gut. He had blonde hair which was gray and a longer blonde mustache that was braided, a mouth with a few crooked teeth, as well as a fake tooth sticking out. He wore a yellow sleeveless Viking shirt with brown and white pants that were nearly worn out, a Viking style boot on his left foot, while his right foot was a peg leg, a brown furred vest, and a Viking helmet with triangular shaped horns on it. He also had a brown wrist band with several bands going up his right arm, while on his left arm, his hand had been completely replaced by a rope-tied symmetrical prosthetic left hand.

Josiah had to hand it to the man. He sure knew what he was doing in that forge of his. There was piles of old war armor that was being melted down and rebuilt and reused as wing slings and saddles for the Vikings of Berk and their dragons.

It was a lot to take in this island. Something then crossed Josiah's mind and he turned to Fishlegs.

"What kind of problems do you have here on the island, Fishlegs?"

Fishlegs gave Josiah a puzzled look and thought about it for a moment.

"Well," Fishlegs began as he scratched at his thin beard. "There aren't really many problems on Berk, to tell you the truth. Oh, there is an occasional fire once and a while caused by a dragon fight, but nothing too serious."

Josiah pondered about that as he looked at the dragons that were gathered around a fountain and feeding trough. These were fire-breathing creatures that could level this village and all it's people in one foal swoop. Yet they were gentle enough not to harm a person once they were trained. But Josiah knew that trainable animals could still pose a problem. Vikings and dragons were two species that were separated by thousands of years of evolution. Here on Berk they were alive and coexisting with Vikings in a symbiotic relationship that seemed almost unreal. So why wasn't any of this in the history books back in 2010?

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><p>Here's chap 8. I hope you readers are enjoying it!<p>

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>

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9. Another Chance?

Chapter 9: Another Chance?

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Hiccup and Toothless were high above the clouds over the ocean, alone with only themselves for company.

It had been a long time since the both of them got to be together for flying these days. With Hiccup being chief, and Toothless being the new alpha of the dragons, it was a wonder the both of them didn't get dizzy from all the running around that they had been doing.

Being the chieftain of a village could be a ungratifying job at times but it became ten times harder to do, especially when he never wanted it in the first place and his father was no longer around to guide him.

Toothless was having his own problems as well. Being an alpha dragon was exhausting and settling disputes between the Berk dragons and the Bewilderbeast clan was even more so.

Things in Berk were harder now that the both of them had responsibilities.

Hiccup leaned back in his makeshift saddle and let his eyes wander up into the clouds overhead. What he wouldn't give to have his father back with him and his mother right now.

But Hiccup knew that there was no chance of that happening. His father was gone. He was now the new chief. There was no turning back.

Or was there.

Hiccup had given a lot of thought about the three newcomers. They had the power to time travel. To go anywhere in history and explore it. Was it possible that they could also changed their own past? Or even his?

But that was impossible.

Sure he could try and stop Drago Budvist from taking control of Toothless with his Bewilderbeast and stopped his father from getting killed, but what good would it do? He wouldn't be chief or would still be chief once his father retired and all. But his mom would be happy. They'd be a family again. Just the three of them and their dragons.

He could ask. It wouldn't hurt, would it?

"Come on, bud," He said to Toothless as he leaned forward to take control of his dragon. "It's time to see if we can change our futures."

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"Absolutely not!" Josiah said, walking away from Hiccup, who had just asked him about using the time buggy to travel to the past and save his father from certain death. Of course, like he had predicted, he had been given the answer.

"But why?" Hiccup asked as he followed him back to around his house to where the time buggies were parked. "You and your friends have the power to travel through time, don't you? You can help me save my dad."

Josiah spun around and gave Hiccup an intense look. "That would be violating the rules of the T.W.C, Hiccup. And it could cause a time paradox as well. Our purpose here is to gain a clearer perception of ourselves, of humanity in general: where we've been, where we're going, the pitfalls and the possibilities, the perils and a promise... perhaps even an answer to that universal question: Why?"

Hiccup gave the twenty-one year old a confused look. Clearly he did not understand this kind of monologue at all.

Josiah knew that he had used that _'Back To The Future'_quote, but he had really hoped that it would have gotten through to the young Viking.

Unfortunately that wasn't the case.

"Josiah," Hiccup tried again with a little bit more of reasoning. "My dad is everything to me, to my mom. And to Berk. I don't see why you and your friends can't bend the rules just this once."

Josiah's gaze became intense again. "Because the risks far outweigh any potential rewards, Hiccup." He shook his head firmly and continued. "No, man, you have to forget about this. We didn't come to this island just to help you change your past, all right? We came here to know about dragons and Vikings living together in harmony. Please do not ask me or my friends about this again."

He turned and went back to the dragon stables, taking out his camcorder from his fannypack as he went.

Hiccup stood where he was with Toothless, the Night Fury gurgling in confusion at what had just happened.

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By the mid-afternoon, by which Shelly and Ken had come back with Valka and Cloudjumper, Josiah was already in the Great Hall with Fishlegs, Astrid, Snotlout, and the twins. They were all seated at a single table with benches and were talking while eating lunch.

Shelly and Ken took a seat beside Josiah, who was next to Fishlegs. The larger Viking took up most of the bench anyway.

While they talked about the day's event, Astrid took Hiccup and his mother aside to talk to them both privately.

"Hiccup, I don't know if we should be trusting these guys," Said Astrid in a low voice. "we don't know anything about them or where they came from or how they were able fly here to Berk in those...flying machines without any dragons or ship."

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders. "Astrid, it's fine."

"No, Hiccup, it's not." Astrid said, taking a quick glance at the table and the three newcomers. "Don't you remember the last time we trusted a complete and total stranger?"

Valka gave her son a questioning look. Hiccup nodded. He remembered what happened.

"If you're referring to the indecent with Heather, Astrid," Said Hiccup with a slight frown. "you can stop right there. She had a reason as to why she betrayed us. It was to help her parents from the Outcasts and Alvin."

Astrid understood and nodded. "Yeah, you're right, Hiccup, but still..."

"I don't think those guys will betray us," Said Hiccup. "and besides, they didn't come here with any weapons, right?"

Astrid sighed and nodded her head. "No, I guess your right. But I'm going to be keeping an eye on them just in case."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and let out sigh.

"Well," Said Valka, wanting to clear the air. "Why don't we join the others at the table. That food is getting cold."

The food thing was an understatement. The only dish on the plates were fish, chicken legs and a few sides of ale. The time kids didn't touch the food. It looked all a little undercooked for them. Instead, Shelly decided to do the cooking for the three of them. She went to the kitchens that were located in the back of the hall and went straight to work.

The Viking women who were in there were quite impressed by the way Shelly did the cooking. The girl knew how to cook, and cook well. It was one of her favorite pastimes at home and she was really good at it. It didn't take long for the delicious smell of a stew to waft into the noses of everyone in the hall.

Josiah had to admit that Shelly sure did have a knack for cooking. Even Ken, who had thought that his sister was a bit lazy, never had thought it was possible for Shelly to make such a great tasting stew.

Shelly served each of them and herself a bowl and dug right in. the stew was great. And since there was enough in the pot in the kitchen left, she decided to share it with the others at the table.

The Vikings loved it. It was something they had never tasted before in a long while. Fishlegs had four helpings before he was full. Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who had also eaten the stew, thought that Shelly's cooking was the 'bomb' as they put it.

"I'm surprised that you could cook something like this, Shelly." Said Josiah as he was eating his second helping. "You never told me that you could cook."

"You never asked." Said Shelly with a modest smile. "And besides, I really don't do all that much cooking at home."

"Why not, Shelly, your good at it." Said Ken as he scooped up another spoonful of stew into his mouth.

"That's just the thing, Ken," Shelly said, putting down her spoon. "I'm a tomboy, and tomboys don't cook. Mom and dad hardly know and I don't want them to. I might end up in a culinary arts class or something at school."

Josiah nodded. "That's understandable and everything, Shelly, but your good at it. But it's your decision to make."

Hiccup listened as he ate. Deep down he felt the same way as well. He was good at flying with Toothless and making things in the forge with Gobber. But being the chief of a whole village was something entirely new to him. During the past few weeks since the battle with Drago and his Bewilderbeast, Hiccup hadn't really had time to work in the forge or go and discover new lands with Toothless to find new dragons. That was what he was good at. But being the chief of a village was something he hadn't really wanted. But unlike Shelly he didn't get that decision. The untimely death of his father had discomfited any chance of him spending more time with Toothless or to find more new dragons with his mother. Berk needed him now. It was something he had to accept now.

But if he could only save his father...

Getting up from the table and leaving the hall with Toothless, Hiccup had made up his mind. He knew now what he was going to do. He was going to save his father. Even if that meant stealing one of the time buggies and using it. But first he had to know how they worked. He knew couldn't ask Josiah because he would know what he was up to. Shelly was out of the question because she would probably agree with Josiah. So that left only Ken.

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"You want to know how the time buggies work, huh?" Ken asked Hiccup when the older Viking had come to him later that afternoon when he was done eating. Toothless was with him as well, sniffing at the tires of the time buggy curiously.

Hiccup nodded. "Well, I'm curious as to how these things work," He said as he traced a finger across the class dome. "It's not everyday someone like me gets to know how time travel works, right?"

Ken had a look of suspicion on his face. Hiccup could sense that he would have to think of something fast.

"Oh, I'm sure you know all about the time buggies and how they work and everything," Hiccup said with as much flattery as possible. He could tell that Ken was not stupid or so easily fooled. But he had to try something.

Ken pondered for a few seconds, and then finally smiled appreciatively at Hiccup.

"Well," Ken said, opening the dome and climbing in the cockpit. "it's really not that complicated to use, Hiccup." He turned on the buggy's engine and the vehicle hummed to life. Ken then turned on the destination keypad on the control panel.

"Now," Ken explained as he pointed to the panel. "this keypad with all the letters and stuff are important. You want go somewhere in time in Earth's history, well, just type down the place you want to go and then type in the day, the month, and the year, and of course, Hiccup, the time. That's very important."

Hiccup followed Ken's finger across the data pad and panel, doing his best to follow along. Ken then pointed to the second screen below the first one.

"This keypad here," Ken continued, "is also important. It tells you how much solar power you have in the main battery and how much you've used in one time travel trip. It takes about a few minutes for half the battery to reload. But if you use too much of the main battery's power, by time traveling more then once in one day by the way, the power in the battery will cause the buggy to run out and conk-out. All the instruments will go dead except for the solar sheets on either side of the buggy. They connect with the main battery, but it takes five hours for it to fully charge."

Hiccup's mouth went slightly slack.

"Five hours?"

Ken simply nodded, knowing this was true.

"That's how they were designed, Hiccup."

Hiccup whistled through his teeth. "What a world you must live in."

Toothless rose to his hind legs to peek inside the cockpit, moving his snout around and sniffing curiously. Ken hastily pushed the Night Fury away from from the control panel.

"Careful, Toothless," Ken admonished, pushing the dragon's snout with a hand. "You don't want to press the Emergency Return button, do you?"

"So what does that button do anyway?" Hiccup asked.

"It's used for making a quick return to the T.W.C, Hiccup," Ken said, pointing underneath the dashboard. "this button is just in case we run into a problem when we time travel. When pressed, the time buggy automatically time jumps back to 2010 and to the time watch corporation's launch station."

"Oh, I see," Said Hiccup.

"It's time travel stuff, Hiccup. Don't over-think it." Said Ken, wagging a finger at him.

For the next few minutes Ken showed Hiccup how the time buggy could be driven and controlled and how the three modes could be activated. Hiccup listened to every word Ken said and memorized them for later for what he had to do. It was going to be risky. He had never used this kind of technology before. But how hard could it be?

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Things are getting good!

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10. An Unscheduled Flight

Chapter 10: An Unscheduled Flight

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The rest of the afternoon on Berk for the three time travelers was used by studying and learning about dragons and how they helped Berk and all it's people.

Josiah spent the time he had with Fishlegs and Shelly volunteered to go with Astrid, who was less then thrilled to be a tour guide. Though she knew that this was the perfect opportunity to gets some real answers from the twelve-year old tomboy, Astrid could see that Shelly was not so easily intimidated like it was with Eret. But if it could work once it could work again.

Ken spent his time with Hiccup and Toothless. Hiccup, having some free time on his hands from his chief duties, offered to take Ken flying with him and Toothless. Ken was a bit nervous about going back into the skies again, what with his last ride on Cloudjumper making him almost throw-up. But Hiccup reassured him that it would be okay.

"I don't know about this, Hiccup," Said Ken as he got into the saddle behind the twenty year-old Viking. "what if I fall off or something?"

"Toothless won't let that happen to ya, right, bud?" Said Hiccup reassuringly, petting Toothless on the head. "you can trust him. And you can trust me."

Ken smiled weakly and put his arms around Hiccup's torso, holding on for his life.

They took off into the sky fast and Ken had to do everything to try and keep his lunch in his stomach while also holding on tight to Hiccup. The flight was amazing. Ken had never experienced this kind thing before in his life. Many kids in the future would have been frightened from being up so high, but Ken's nerves held out.

Meanwhile, Shelly was with Astrid on Stormfly. The two hadn't said a word to each other since they had taken off. For Astrid it was now or never for answers.

"All right, Shelly," She said as she half turned in her saddle to look at Shelly. "I want answers from you."

"What are you talking about?" Shelly said, squinting a bit from the wind in her face.

"I know for a fact that you, your brother, and Josiah are not from anywhere around Berk or any of the offshore islands, for that matter. So where do you guys come from really?"

Shelly snorted and turned away from Astrid's questioning gaze.

"I don't have to tell you anything, girl. It's our business!"

Astrid stopped Stormfly in midair.

"It's also my business to know if you or the others pose a threat to Berk, or to Hiccup." She shot back. "I want to know what you told Hiccup and his mother the other night."

"Forget it, Astrid, it's not happening!" Shelly said stubbornly. "And there is no way you're gonna' make me tell."

"Oh, yeah?" Said Astrid as she gripped her saddle tightly with both her hands. "Stormfly, spin!"

The Nadder did as she was told and whirled herself around so quickly, that Shelly was not prepared to hang on. She slipped off the saddle and began to fall.

"AAAAAAAHH!" Shelly screamed as she fell thousands of feet to the sea below.

Astrid and Stormfly followed close behind after she was done spinning, flying close to Shelly's falling form.

"What are you doing?!" Shelly screamed, her arms and legs flailing about.

Astrid smiled and crossed her arms in a casual manner. "Getting answers the easy way," She said. "You can either tell me the truth about you guys or..." She pointed down to the water that was getting closer and closer. "you can have a nice long cold bath."

Shelly knew that she had no other choice now. Unless she wanted a cold plunge in water that could be below freezing, she would have to bend to Astrid's demands.

"All right! All right!" She cried out, giving in. "I'll tell you! Catch me!"

"Stormfly, fetch!" Commanded Astrid.

Stormfly whirled around again and caught Shelly by her arms with her hind claws, careful not to squeeze her in the process.

Astrid smiled smugly as she cracked her knuckles. "That still works every time."

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A few minutes later the three landed outside the Great Hall, Stormfly letting go of Shelly and standing to one side. Shelly glared at both dragon and rider as she rubbed her shoulders. Astrid had dismounted and was opening the door to the hall.

"All right," Shelly said, following Astrid and Stormfly into the hall. "what do you want to know first. And let me remind you, Astrid, that you can't tell anyone else about it."

Astrid nodded in agreement as the two of them took a seat farthest away from any curious eyes, or ears for that matter. Stormfly, when Astrid had given her the command, canopied a wing over them so that their conversation remind private.

"What do you want to know, Astrid?" Said Shelly.

"I want to know where you and the others come from really," Said Astrid as she pulled back her hood. "and I want the whole story."

"If you insist, Astrid," Said Shelly, rubbing her shoulder a bit. "But you'll probably think it sounds crazy or something."

"No more crazy then seeing you guys fly those machines of yours," Astrid pointed out.

The minutes seemed to pass by as Shelly gave Astrid the lowdown about her, her brother, and Josiah and where they really came from. She explained about the time buggies and that they were time travelers from the future. Astrid listened and at first but could not believe what she was hearing.

"So what your saying," Said Astrid, trying to understand after a long pause. "Is that you are really from the far future?"

Shelly nodded and smiled. "That's right, Astrid. From the year 2010. A new millennium thousands of years into the future."

Astrid almost fell backward off the bench but Stormfly's snout kept her from doing so.

"I know," Said Shelly, rolling her eyes. "Wild, isn't it?"

"Wild? Are you serious?"

"Well, girl, it's as serious as it can get." Shelly told her. "We really are from the future."

Astrid let out a breath, "Great Odin's ghost."

"Ghosts have nothing to do with it, Astrid," Shelly said. "And neither do the gods here in your world, for that matter."

"So what's it like in the future, Shelly?" Astrid asked, deciding to change the subject.

"Well, Astrid, I don't want to give much away," Said Shelly, thinking it over. "but things in the future have improved enormously over

thousand years since the dark ages."

"Like what?"

"Well," Shelly said, trying to remember what there was in 2010. "for starters there's Shopping malls, decent houses, electricity and hydro power, and great beaches, too."

"Really?" Said Astrid, intrigued.

"Yep," Shelly smiled. "and there are towns and cities with big buildings that are higher then any of your houses here on Berk."

"Wow, "

"Oh, Astrid, if only you could see these wonders yourself," Said Shelly.

"Well, why don't I?" Asked Astrid. "it sounds like it could be amazing."

Shelly shook her head. "I'm sorry, Astrid, but that can't happen."

Astrid raised a brow. "Why's that?"

"Well, think about it," Said Shelly. "a Viking girl like you in the modern-day world of 2010, you wouldn't able to handle it." Then she added solemnly, "And besides, it's against the rules. Our rules."

"What rules?"

"My friends and I can't bring people back with us through time," Shelly explained. "It's against the T.W.C's rules of time travel."

"T.W.C?"

"The corporation that I work for," Shelly told her. "That's where we time traveled from."

"Oh, I see," Said Astrid.

"Anyway," Continued Shelly. "it's against our rules to bring back anyone from different time periods to the future. It could cause major problems to the time line or worse."

"I can see what you mean," Said Astrid as she turned her gaze away from Shelly.

"But it sure would be cool if you could see it, Astrid," Shelly sighed with a half smile. "Boy, you and your dragon sure would be famous in 2010."

"Well," Said Astrid, thinking it over a little. "a short visit would be all right, I guess for a short amount of time, but to stay would be cheating destiny."

Shelly chuckled. "I guess your right."

For the rest of the afternoon Shelly told Astrid about her home in the future and about sports that were held in the city of L.A. Astrid listened and still couldn't believe all the things that were in the future in Shelly's world. And speaking of sports, Astrid had almost forgotten about the dragon race that was about to take place later that afternoon.

"Oh, that's right!" Exclaimed Astrid, getting up from the bench and running to the door with Stormfly right behind her. "I'm going to be late for the dragon race, Shelly! If you want to come with me, then hurry up. You wont want to miss it."

Shelly hurriedly followed after her and Stormfly.

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At the same time, Hiccup and Ken had arrived at the outside arena where the dragon races took place. Fishlegs and Josiah were there as well.

The Vikings each got on their race paints on themselves, and their dragons.

The villagers had all gathered and had filled up the stands. The three time travelers took a seat in the front where they could see everything.

The kids followed along on how players won.

It didn't seem all that complected. In fact it looked rather easy. The object of the race was to get as many marked sheep as possible into a set of nets below that had each of the teams dragon's faces painted on a flat piece of wood above a hole that the sheep had to be dropped into. The rider with the most sheep in his or her net was the winner. The major prize to actually win though was the black sheep that would earn the rider ten points if caught and dropped into their net.

Hiccup, being the chief, watched with his mother on a pedestal that was between the other stands that the villagers were in. It was a clear, cool afternoon with a very airy gentle wind; perfect for dragon racing.

As the racers got to their starting lines and the sheep positioned in and around the village, Ken and Shelly could see that the racer's faces were painted in different vibrant colors. That was the same for their dragons.

As the racers took their places at the starting line, Josiah could see that...well, he couldn't really see, that the course didn't particularly go anywhere. Did they have to go around the village or what?

The race began when a large horn that was shaped like a dragon was blown. The villagers cheered as the racers took off into the sky and above the village.

As the race began, Hiccup took that moment to slip away quickly and

quietly. Toothless tried to follow but Hiccup stopped him.

"You need to stay here, bud," He whispered, pushing the Night Fury gently back up the stairs to the pedestal where his mother was. "This maybe my only chance to try and make things right. My only chance to save dad."

Toothless let out a groan and did what he was told.

Smiling, Hiccup quickly made his way down to the now empty village and ran the rest of the way back to his house. He knew what he had to do. He was going to use one of the time buggies and go back in time to when his father was going to be killed by Toothless. When Drago used his Bewilderbeast to take control of Toothless and force him to kill him. But that wasn't going to happen. He was going to change things. He had to do this. For his family. For Berk. For his mother.

It was now or never.

:::

Josiah had seen Hiccup leave his seat beside his mother. While his friends were busy taking pictures and video of the race, he also slipped away and decided to follow Hiccup. Why was the chief of the village leaving in such a hurry? And why was he going back to his house for?

Josiah trailed after Hiccup by keeping to the shadows. The chief seemed like was in a hurry but why was he going to the side of his house fo...

Then it all sunk in. Josiah knew what Hiccup was going to do and he had to stop him!

He ran the rest of the way. But it seemed almost impossible. There were some dragons that were in his way and he had to zigzag through them to get passed. Hiccup already had a head-start on him.

If he didn't do get to Hiccup before Hiccup got to one of the time buggies, and used it, it would be a disaster for all of them.

For all of time.

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Things are getting very good!

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11. A Viking in a new World

Chapter 11: A Viking in a new World

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Josiah ran as fast as he could toward Hiccup's house, dodging through several dragons and villagers who were on their way to the dragon races.

He had to stop Hiccup from using one of the time buggies.

If that young Viking chief even got one of the time vehicles working, which he doubted, Josiah knew that Hiccup would try and go back in time to try and save his father. To change his destiny.

Deep down, Josiah knew what it was like not having a father around in his family. But that was in the future and this was the past!

Josiah saw the house ahead and spotted Hiccup heading right toward the side of it, where the time buggies were parked!

As he picked up speed, Josiah could only guess on how Hiccup knew how to work one of the time buggies. It had to be when Ken took that flight with him that afternoon. Hiccup must have talked or tricked him into showing him how the time buggy's time travel technology made the vehicles travel through time. Josiah felt his teeth clench with anger. So that was the twenty-year old's next plan? Use one of his friends to save his father from certain doom? That was soo not cool.

Josiah knew that Ken, being young as he was, may have been tempted to show Hiccup how technology from the future worked. And that Viking chief picked up on it fast.

This was not good.

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Hiccup opened the glass dome of the time buggy and climbed in behind the controls. He hurriedly turned on the buggy's power and the engines hummed to life. Hiccup then started to type down the destination time on the keypad like Ken had described for him.

He was quick to type down the week, the day, and the time, the date when his father had died.

Hiccup knew he was taking a risky chance using this craft. But he had to chance it.

He had the buggy's hover mode engaged and was steadily rising in the air, when a sudden shout startled him and made him look up. Josiah was running right toward him, his legs pumping.

Hiccup gulped. Busted.

But the time buggy was already in the air and rising higher. Josiah, when he was close enough, jumped and grabbed onto the rim of the buggy, his legs dangling nine feet in the air.

"Hiccup, what are you doing!" Josiah demanded furiously, heaving himself into the cockpit. The buggy leaned when he had done this but settled back to its steady rise. Josiah knew the buggy was big enough to hold two passengers.

Hiccup moved over so that there was more room for the both of them, while also trying to come up with a good excuse.

"You've got to give me a chance to save my father," He tried to explain, holding up his hands. "I thought that since you wouldn't help me, I'd help myself..."

"You idiot!" Josiah shot at him, his hands working to turned off the control penal. "I warned you about this, Hiccup. The consequences could be fatal!"

Hiccup shouted back. "Well that's a risk I'll have to take! My father's life depends on it!"

Josiah shook his head angrily. "Forget it, Hiccup!" He snarled. "It's not happening!"

Hiccup knew he had no other choice now. He reached around Josiah and grabbed at the controls. His finger accidentally reached out and pressed the button underneath the penal.

"Don't!" Josiah cried out, trying to stop what Hiccup was doing. But it was too late.

The buggy's glass dome came down and it jolted as the humming steadily rose to an alarmed thrum.

"You little idiot!" Josiah snapped. "What button did you just press?"

Hiccup stuttered a little and pointed to the red button...that was under the control penal.

"Oh no," Groaned Josiah, placing both hands on the side of his head. "That's the emergency return button!"

"Wait, doesn't that..." Hiccup said but could not finish because the next thing he knew the buggy gave a sudden jolt. Bright electrical light appeared around the glass dome. This was followed by reddish electrical bolts that shimmered and crisscrossed over the buggy's whole body. Josiah had only experienced this once before, when he had to escape from a pair of slavers from the 1800's. The buggy then lurched side ways, causing Hiccup and Josiah to fall down upon the rounded seat of the cockpit.

From outside, the humming intensified louder and the motion of the buggy became unstable and then, sonic booms sounding, the time buggy disappeared in a brilliant flash of light and sound.

The sound of the sonic booms echoed around the semi empty village and the only ones who heard it from far away in the stands of the dragon races were Shelly and Ken. At the sound of the sonic booms, both kids turned in the direction of Hiccup's house.

"Ken, was that..." Shelly inquired quietly in a whisper, her eyes

looking up at the sky.

"It was, Shelly," Said Ken, his own eyes looking skyward. "It was one of the time buggies traveling back in time...or forward in time."

Shelly stood up. "But who would..."

Ken got up and cut off his sister. "I don't know, sis, but Josiah is not here. And I don't see Hiccup either."

Shelly looked around and noticed that Hiccup was not in his seat beside his mother as well.

"You don't don't think..." Shelly started to say, but her brother cut her off again.

"I do," Said Ken, making his way down the stairs from the stands. "I think that Hiccup may have tried to use one of the time buggies and Josiah was trying to stop him."

"Let's go," Said Shelly, running ahead of her brother.

When the two of them arrived back at the house the kids could see that one of the buggies was indeed gone. And there was no sign of Josiah or of Hiccup.

"We have to go after them!" Shelly said as she moved toward the second time buggy.

Ken's face was grim and he held up a hand to stop her. "We can't go after them, Shelly. It's impossible to know where or when they are."

Shelly spun on him. "But the buggy has a tracker on board, doesn't it? We could track them to where or when they went, right?"

Ken shook his. "The buggy's tracker only works when _'both'_ buggies are activated and their systems turned on. This one's was off so we don't know where or when they are, Shelly."

"Well, this is just great," Shelly muttered. "what are we going to do?"

Ken could not come up with an answer.

He didn't know what they should do. "I don't know, Shelly," He said finally with a sigh. "I really don't know."

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The time buggy instantaneously appeared on the outskirts of the suburban neighborhood, landing in the thick forested hills of California. The vehicle didn't crash. It was built tough and sturdy and the hover converted wheels kept the buggy safely over the trees. The sun was still up by afternoon standards with clouds above that offered some much needed protection from the low heat.

The buggy landed on the ground near a clearing where a bunch of picnic tables and chairs, the wheels converting back to large wheels.

The area was empty.

The dome opened and Josiah climbed out, a look of worry and anger on his face. Hiccup climbed out as well and leaned against the buggy's side, rubbing at a spot where Josiah had bruised him. During the time jump through time Josiah had hit Hiccup in the jaw with his elbow. Not intentionally of course but Hiccup felt that he had done the deed on purpose. He took a moment to look around but could not recognize anything that looked familiar.

"Hey, Josiah," Said Hiccup as he took another looked around the picnic area. "Where are we?"

Josiah whirled around and stomped over to him and stuck a finger in the young chief's face.

"We," The twenty one-year old seethed, "are in the future, Hiccup! And it's all your fault!"

"The future?" Hiccup said with an astonish breath "What do you mean? How can we be in the future?"

"You pressed the emergency return button, you clumsy Viking!" Josiah snapped, spit flying. "It sends the buggy forward in time back to this year. back to 2010. My home."

Hiccup looked around the area once more and took a step back.

"This can't be possible," He said in disbelief. "Oh gods, this can't be possible."

Josiah shook his head and put his hands on his hips.

"It is, Hiccup, and right now we are in serious trouble."

Hiccup looked confused. "What do you mean?"

Josiah took a breath and sat down on the picnic bench. Hiccup stood where he was, a look of worry on his face still etched with confusion.

"The buggy's internal time traveling power-cell is empty." Josiah explained. "The solar battery has run out because we time jumped too far ahead and drained it dry. It will now take...take about five hours for it to fully recharge."

"Five hours?" Hiccup said. "It takes that long?"

Josiah gave him a look. "Yes it does, Hiccup."

"What are we going to now?"

"_'We'_" Josiah said, standing up and turning to walk away. "You are not doing anything. You are staying right here by the time buggy and I'm going to get to a payphone and make a call."

Hiccup looked confused. "Pay-what?"

Josiah rolled his eyes and let out a weary breath. He had no time for this. And he certainly didn't have time to babysit some

fish-out-of-water twenty year old Viking chief.

"Never mind," Josiah huffed. "Just stay here and don't wonder off, okay? I'll be right back."

Hiccup nodded wearily and stood by the buggy as Josiah made his way down the path that led down to the main picnic area. He still could not believe it. He was in the future.

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Josiah was angry with himself. He had let this happen. A person from the past was now in the future. His time period. And worst of all he was stuck with him for five long hours. A million thoughts ran through his head at what Mr. Brie would say about this. What Zeke and his grandfather would say about this. They warned him and the others at the corporation that nobody from Earth's past in history was ever come here to the future with them. Yet here was Hiccup. A Viking chief in the time period of 2010! This was bad and so not good. What was going to happen? Would Hiccup disappear from existence like Marty Mcfly almost did once in '_Back To The Future_'? Would the way of the Vikings be changed because of his absence from Berk?

One thought at a time. Josiah had to concentrate on getting to a payphone and calling someone. And he knew just the person.

A little while later, after he had made the call, Josiah waited with Hiccup by the buggy. The boys waited for about half an hour until a figure approached up the trail from the picnic grounds.

Josiah waved. "Sophie, glad you could make it, girl."

Sophie Luna Wolfheart waved back as she stood before the two. She was dressed in jeans with sandals, a blue tank top and carrying a handbag on her left shoulder.

"So, is this him?" She said, nodding her head to Hiccup.

Josiah frowned and nodded. "Yep, this is Hiccup. Hiccup, this is Sophie Luna WolfHeart. She's a member of the T.W.C just like me."

Hiccup smiled warmly and held out his hand.

"Pleased to meet you, Sophie," He said.

Sophie smiled and shook his hand, happy to see a real Viking for the first time. "The pleasures all mine."

Josiah cleared his throat loudly, wanting the pleasantries to be over with.

"Okay, guys we need to get to my house. Did you bring what I needed, Sophie?"

She nodded and reached into her handbag. She took out a dark green t-shirt and some sunglasses. Josiah turned to Hiccup.

"You'll need to put on these, Hiccup." He instructed. "We can't have you walking around with that black-looking armor of yours. You can

keep on your pants and other boot, but you'll need to keep your things here. Can't have you walking around like a human Swiss-army knife, Understood?"

"Alright," Hiccup said, taking off his upper armor and clothes. "I just don't understand why we can't stay here." Josiah had told him, when he had come back from the phone call, that they were going down into the neighborhood to his house. Sophie was going to drive the time buggy over there when they got there.

"Because we can't stay for five hours and wait for the buggy's battery to recharge," Josiah said sternly. "people are going to come here to the picnic grounds to eat very soon. What if they see you or the time buggy, huh? They'll ask a lot of questions that we can't answer."

Hiccup gulped a little as he put on the green t-shirt. "I see your point."

After Hiccup was dressed, Josiah instructed Sophie to wait with the buggy and to drive it over to his house once he got there with Hiccup.

Sometime later, Josiah and Hiccup made their way down the trail to the main picnic grounds and soon to the main streets that would take them to into the suburban neighborhood.

Hiccup's eyes could not believe what they were seeing. The Viking chief had never seen such wonders in his life. The houses and cars alone made his head turn every which-way that Josiah though for sure that it would come clean off his shoulders.

But the young Viking chief kept close as he could mange to Josiah's side. He did not want to get lost and partly wished that Toothless was here with him by his side.

They walked on the sidewalk in silence, Josiah choosing a street that was familiar to him. He knew what street to take to get to his house. He only hoped that his mother was not home yet. He knew that she worked on the weekends at her office and that she often stayed until six in the afternoon. He wasn't worried or anything, but hoped that his house was absent of anyone there. He couldn't afford to explain to his mother that he was home early from the T.W.C or that he had a thousand year old Viking chief from the past with him with a metal prosthetic leg.

A few cars drove passed them as they walked, the sound of their approach causing Hiccup to nearly jump away in surprise.

"Josiah," Hiccup said in a low voice, pointing to the cars as they drove away. "what were those?"

"Those were cars, Hiccup," Josiah said. "They replaced the horse and wagon. Or in your case, the Yak and wagon."

Hiccup looked dazed. This all must have been strange to him. But in a very different way.

"Don't faint on me, dude," Josiah said. "I don't need you falling over right now, all right?"

"I'll try," Hiccup breathed. "I just never thought that Yaks and wagons would be replaced with those things."

"Well, get use to it, Viking-boy," Josiah said. "because we have four hours before the time buggy is ready to go again."

They soon arrived to a cul-de-sac, a street with only one inlet or outlet that led to small stretches of parks for kids. Some of the houses were built the same like in 1970. But modifications over the years for better housing had changed them.

Josiah led Hiccup to the front door of his house but found that the door was locked.

"Drat," Josiah muttered as he tried the knob. "the door is locked. But I know another way in. Come on, Hiccup."

They went around the back to the yard and Josiah tried the back door. It was unlocked. They both went inside and Josiah closed door behind Hiccup.

"Welcome to my home, Hiccup," Josiah said with a smile.

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><p>Here's chap 11.<p>

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12. Within the same boat

Chapter 12: Within the same boat

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Josiah led Hiccup to the living room within his house. It was a well furnished room and comfy as well. Though Josiah's mother hadn't had the proper money to make it more posh like the rest of his neighbors, he liked it none the less. In his neighborhood, most people could afford good housing with optimal living conditions.

Hiccup sat down on the couch and Josiah sat in a chair opposite of him.

"We'll wait until Sophie gets here with the buggy." Said Josiah. "Then after that, we'll wait for three hours until the internal battery is charged, got that?"

Hiccup nodded. "Well, sure. It's pretty hard not to."

"Meantime," Said Josiah as his voice became serious. "You and I have things to discuss, Hiccup."

The young Viking chief scratched the back of his head nervously at what was about to come next.

Josiah took a steady breath and said, "You know why you are here, right? Because you tried to use the time buggy to travel through time to change your history. Not only that, but you tricked Ken, my friend and Shelly's little brother, into showing you how the buggy works. That, Hiccup, was low. Using a kid just so you can have your perfect life back with your dad still alive by your side? What were you thinking, man?"

Hiccup's guilty face made it all the more clear.

"I just wanted to save my dad, Josiah," Hiccup said in a quite voice, turning his eyes away from the older boy. "Is that so wrong?"

"It is," Josiah snapped in an accusing tone. "when you use one of my friends to do it. I told you already back on Berk that the consequences far outweigh any personal gain-" he paused to swallow-"and I'm afraid history could be altered because of what happened. The fact is-you're here. A person from the past is here in the future. So I don't know what's going to happen if you stay for too long."

There was a knock on the door. Josiah stood up and to go answer it, leaving Hiccup alone in the living room.

Opening the door, Josiah was met by Sophie.

"I drove the buggy here in it's drive mode, to be on the safe side in case anyone saw it." She said with a reassuring smile. "Just open your garage and I'll drive it on through, Clover."

"Thanks, Sophie." Josiah said. "There is a skylight in my garage that could help with the solar panelings on the sides of the buggy. All we got to do is make them face upward, at which point the sun shining down should start to recharge the battery."

Sophie nodded. "Sounds like a plan." She said.

A minute later, after making sure that no one was watching from their yards, Sophie drove the time buggy inside the garage after Josiah opened it from the inside. Once she parked, Josiah opened a flap pocket and set up the solar panels. The skylight above had bright sunlight shining through just as Josiah predicted. The solar panels shone brightly and the internal battery hummed steadily. The charger indicator showed them that there were only two bars and four more to go.

"This might take a while, Sophie," Said Josiah as he turned to leave the garage. "Hiccup is in my living room if you want to talk to him."

"Sure thing, Josiah." Said Sophie, following him.

When they both got to the living room, Hiccup was still on the couch, a look of guilt on his face.

"Hey, Hiccup," Sophie waved at him but stopped when she saw the look on his face. "Hey what's wrong?"

Josiah filled Sophie in on what he had told him. When he was done though, Sophie was frowning at him. She took him to one side in the hall so that they could speak privately. Hiccup occupied himself by looking at the newspapers that were piled on the side table. Then, when he was done with the papers, he began to poke into things around the living room, careful of what he touched, but unable to help himself sufficiently to precede all investigation.

"Why would you say that this was Hiccup's fault?" Said Sophie, her hands on her hips. "He didn't mean for any of this to happen."

Josiah frowned right back at her and said, rather sharp-like, "I told Hiccup here that we couldn't help him change his past by saving his father like I told you already, Sophie. And now he's here in the 21st century. What if the corporation finds out that he's here?"

"They won't," Sophie reassured him. "not as long as Hiccup remains here in your house for four hours."

"And what am I suppose to do with him for four hours, girl?" Josiah said, bringing up his hands in mild frustration. "Show him how the modern world has changed over a thousand years?"

Sophie shook her head. "No, Clover. Share what you have in common with each other."

"And where will you be?" Said Josiah, scratching his head. He didn't like the idea of being left alone to babysit a Viking chief.

Sophie just smiled. "I'll be a look-out if your mom comes home. Plus, I'll check and see if the time buggy is ready and rearing to go."

Josiah rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Yeah, like that's going to happen anytime soon."

"Just try it," Sophie urged him, nudging his shoulder.

"All right, all right," Josiah said, shrugging off her nudging and going back into the living room.

"Hiccup," Josiah began, feeling a little awkward. "Sophie wants me to talk to you for a while until the buggy recharges. So just as long as we're both clear, let's not dwell on it too much."

"Sure," Said Hiccup as he put the newspapers down. "What do you want to talk about?"

Josiah seated himself back on his chair. "Well, for starters, I'd like to know why you wanted so badly to try and save your dad."

Hiccup felt a slight twinge within him. His mouth felt dry but he decided to say something.

"Well," Hiccup said, twiddling his thumbs. "my dad was everything to Berk. And he was everything to me and my mom." Hiccup paused, a look mild ire on his face. "But Drago took that all away when he used his Bewilderbeast to take control of Toothless and forced him to try and kill me. But dad took the hit for me. He died that day. I knew that if I ever had a chance to change the past and stop it from ever happening, you guys and your time buggys were the answer."

Josiah shook his head. "But that still doesn't excuse you for using Ken like you did, Hiccup. Besides, time travel can't fix everything. Believe me, Hiccup, I know."

Hiccup tilted his head. "What do you mean?"

Josiah took a breath and exhaled. He reached over to his left and picked up a photograph of him and his mother. It showed him at the age of eight, his hair cut and a smile on his face. His mother looked younger as well. Her skin had been darker then and there were hardly any wrinkles along her eyes. The only one who was not in the photograph with them was his father.

Josiah closed his eyes, his fingers clutching at the frame. His thoughts were filled with bitter anger.

"I know what it's like not to have a father around." He went on, giving the photograph to Hiccup for him to look at. "For twenty-one years, Hiccup, it's just been my mom and me. I never knew my father."

Hiccup looked at the photograph curiously, feeling the smoothness of the glass and wood around the framework.

"You don't know what happened to him?" Hiccup said, looking up at him.

Josiah's gaze turned hard with disgust. "Oh, I do, Hiccup. My father left us. He left me and my mother. And all because he didn't want to be part of a family or have any of the responsibilities of looking after one."

"He left you?" Hiccup said, lifting and a brow. "I don't understand."

Josiah let out a gruff snort. "Look, your dad was a great man on Berk, correct?"

Hiccup nodded.

"Then," Josiah continued. "you should know that my dad wasn't so great at being a parent to me. In fact, I was the reason he left, you see."

Hiccup looked up from the photograph and glanced back at Josiah.

"Why would he leave because of you?"

Josiah let out a soft growl. "My mom told me, when I was older, that when she had been pregnant with me, my dad up and left her. Just walked out the door of this house and never come back."

Hiccup looked surprised as he furrowed his brow. "Why would he do that?"

Josiah shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Like I told you, Hiccup, he didn't want the responsibilities of looking after a family. My mama told me that he didn't want to have anything to do with looking after a child. I guess that meant me."

"But that's terrible!" Hiccup said. "Is that what all fathers are like here in your time?"

"No! Of course not, Hiccup." Josiah said, holding up his hands. "There are actually good fathers in this time. Most of them are just not up to the task of looking after a family."

Hiccup handed Josiah back the photograph as he continued talking.

"I've been beating myself up on how I could use time travel from the corporation to try and change my own future, to stop my dad from leaving my mama. But I couldn't do it. Even when I had the time buggy all to my self on special privileges, and tempted to try stop my dad from leaving my mom, I couldn't do it. I finally realized that my dad had made his choice to leave. He had made his own future."

Hiccup asked, "Did you ever imagine of how it would be like to have him around?"

Josiah admitted. "Oh, I did, Hiccup. So many times I wondered about that. Even though I was tempted to use time travel that was right in front of me, I stopped myself and thought that my dad had already made up his mind."

A moment later, Hiccup said. "I guess my dad made up his own mind when he saved me. If I had used the time buggy to go back and save him from Toothless' plasma blast, I would have..."

"Cheated him out of his sacrifice." Josiah finished for him. "He let you live, Hiccup, so you could have a future. And you can still have a future back on Berk. With your mother, Valka."

Hiccup nodded solemnly. "I guess. I just wish I could have saved him. Mom and him would be so happy."

"If you feel the need to change your past, start by handling your present back on Bark." Josiah advised sternly. "You don't need time travel to change your past to right your future. The future is whatever you make it, Hiccup. So make it a good one."

Hiccup looked up at Josiah and considered his words.

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Afterword, Josiah took Hiccup on a tour through the house. He showed the Viking chief the kitchen, the basement, and the upper floors where he and his mother slept. Hiccup was quite taken in by all that

he was seeing. And deep down he felt a little embarrassed. His house back on Berk was made of wood and the interior wasn't so furnished as Josiah's house at all. It didn't have lights that turned on with a switch, or running water that ran through pipes so that you didn't have to use a basin every morning. Even the bathroom was more elegant-looking than the outhouses he was used to. With hot and cold running water for showers, Hiccup was sure, when he memorized it for later when he got back, that he could improve his people's lives a whole lot better on Berk.

After all, a chief does look after his people.

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13. Heading back

Chapter 13: Heading back

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Three hours had come and gone since Hiccup and Josiah's arrival in 2010. two more hours were needed for the time buggy to recharge to full power.

During his time in the modern home of the 21st century, Hiccup learned a lot about things that no other Vikings from Berk could ever know. This house in Josiah's time period was way more advanced than his. There were objects and strange devices that amazed him in so many ways. It was a good thing he had brought his sketchbook with him because he wanted to draw down what he was seeing. In his mind, Hiccup wanted to improve Berk since the day Drago attacked his village with his Bewilderbeast. Everyone had lost something from that tyrant during the attack like personal items and furniture. Some of the houses were still being constructed and so were the dragon stables. Some of the large blocks of ice were still around and melting them was a grueling task.

Hiccup sketched as much as he could, careful not to let one single detail get missed. If he could have some of these things constructed in Gobber's forge, then life on Berk would get better for his people.

Another hour went by as Hiccup sketched. Josiah didn't mind him doing this though. It kept the young Viking chief busy and passed the time.

He doubted that the guy would have anything in that sketchbook of his actually built once he got back to Berk. After seeing the forge on the island with his own eyes, Josiah didn't need to worry about it.

Finally, after another half hour, Sophie came inside the house to inform Josiah that the buggy's battery was fully charged.

"That's good to know," Said Josiah as he headed down to the garage. "I'll get Hiccup and we'll be on our way back to Berk."

Sophie nodded and again let out a moan of longing. "I just wish I could go with you guys this time."

Josiah opened the door to the garage and went down the small steps.

"I know you do, girl," He said with a sigh. "but Hiccup needs to return to Berk as quickly as possible. And the buggy can only carry two people."

Sophie nodded in understanding.

After he got Hiccup, Josiah double checked to make sure the battery was properly charged and ready. Once he was inside the buggy's cockpit, Josiah checked the last known time take-off read out on the screen. After typing in the last destination time on the keypad, he went to the garage door and opened it. Sophie was outside keeping a lookout.

Hiccup sat in the time buggy and got dressed in his familiar clothing of armor and pads.

Once they were outside, Josiah activated the hover system. The engine hummed to life and the buggy arose off the ground.

"See you later, Sophie, and thanks for the help." Josiah said, waving to her from the cockpit.

Sophie waved back. "No problem, Josiah. See you soon."

As the dome cover came down, Hiccup waved to Sophie as well. She waved back, but not before giving Hiccup a wink and a smile.

Josiah caught that and gave Hiccup a smirk.

"I think Sophie fancies you, Hiccup." Josiah lightly teased as he nudged his arm.

Hiccup smiled sheepishly.

"Nearly all the girl on Berk are like that with me," Hiccup said with a little dry humor. "But Astrid is the one and only girl for me."

"I know what you mean," Said Josiah.

After the familiar intense hums and sonic booms, followed by the flashes of light and electrical zaps, the time buggy disappeared into the past.

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After the buggy arrived on the outskirts of Berk, Josiah stirred them back to the house where the others were. In the distance he could see the dragon stables and hanger.

"Looks like we just arrived at the point in time where the other 'we' from last time have just gone to the future." Josiah said as they got nearer to Hiccup's house.

"It's incredible," Hiccup said in mild wonder. "I never thought that traveling through time was possible in my lifetime. And here it is, right in front of me."

"The truth will set you free, bro." Josiah said.

"This is beyond anything I could have imagined. I've been to the future and have come back to the past. This could really change my future."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far, Hiccup," Josiah said as he hovered near the Haddock house. "Nothing is set in stone. You've got to make the right choices. Both for you and for Berk. You've got to keep moving forward and stop thinking about the past."

Hiccup was stunned to hear that coming from Josiah's mouth. It sounded almost...wise.

As they landed beside the house, Josiah saw Shelly and Ken running up to them. When they landed beside the second buggy and got out, Shelly ran up to Josiah and hugged him around his middle, nearly knocking him off his feet.

"Who, easy girl, I'm fine," Josiah grunted as he steadied himself. "We just got back from the future. We're okay."

"I thought you were a goner." Shelly sniffled mildly as she stood back to let him breath.

"When we saw the flash of light in the air and the scorch marks on the ground, we though that the buggy, along with you, were..." Ken said, but was unable to finish.

"What?" Said Josiah, raising a brow. "That I was disintegrated? That's highly impossible for me to believe, Ken."

When Shelly suddenly spotted Hiccup walking up to them, she grew angry and stormed up to him and kicked him hard in the shin on his good leg with her hiking boot. Hiccup yelped and started to hop on his peg-leg while rubbing the one that Shelly had just kicked.

"Ow! Why would you do that?" Hiccup groaned, rubbing his leg in disbelief.

"That was tricking and using my little brother!" Shelly scowled, readying herself to kick him again. "Don't you ever mess with one of my family again, got it?"

Still rubbing his leg, Hiccup said, "All right, I got your point. I'm sorry."

"Okay, you guys," Said Josiah, standing between the two like a wise parent. "I think it's best if we go back to the dragon races before anyone decides to become suspicious of our absence. Agreed?"

Thinking that was a good idea, the three of them nodded and began to walk back to the races, Hiccup leading the way up front and hobbling a little from the kick he just gotten.

"Where did you guys go?" Asked Ken as he walked beside Josiah. "In the time buggy I mean?"

"Not where, Ken, when." Josiah explained. "Hiccup accidentally pressed the emergency return button in the buggy and we got sent back to 2010."

"2010?" Shelly exclaimed as she walked beside her brother.

"That's right, girl." Said Josiah as they passed by some villagers and dragons. "Hiccup has just been the first Viking on Berk to go to the future."

"But isn't that against the rules of the T.W.C?" Asked Ken with a worried look. "What if they found out?"

"Oh, they didn't, Ken," Josiah with a reassured smile. "It was our luck that we landed near the outskirts of the suburbs near the picnic areas. And Sophie was there to help me out."

"Well, that's a relief," Said Shelly.

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The rest of the day was spent watching the dragon races. The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, were paired with Fishlegs. Astrid and Hiccup were paired together but were falling behind. Hiccup's mind was somewhat elsewhere in the races.

What Josiah had said to him made sense. He had to look forward and move on. Dwelling on the past only complicated things for him and his friends and family.

Speaking of friends, he had really botched things with Shelly and her brother. He had to find a way to make it up to them both. He also wanted to make things up to Josiah as well. Tomorrow he would teach them how to train their very own dragons.

He would show them how to earn a dragon's loyalty and they, in time, would become dragon riders.

After he finished this race, of course.

:::

"Dragon training?" Josiah said. The dragon races had long since ended and Hiccup had taken Josiah aside to talk to him.

"That's right, Josiah," Hiccup replied. "I figure I could make it up to you guys and hopefully even teach you how to train your very own

dragon."

Josiah thought it over. "I guess that would be...okay, Hiccup. Provided that you can keep me and my friends safe, that is."

"Don't worry," Hiccup said with reassured wave of his hand. "it'll be all right. You guys will do fine. After all, I am a dragon master."

"Who calls you that?" Asked Josiah.

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders. "Astrid does. Honestly, I don't really know why she calls me that."

Josiah chuckled as he followed Hiccup back toward his house. Along the way, as Toothless joined them, Hiccup explained to Josiah how they going to train a dragon and where it was going to take place.

Josiah listened and thought that the idea of him and his friends learning to train dragons was a absurd idea.

How were they suppose to train a dragon?

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This is my first HTTYD fanfic I am writing, so give me good reviews when you read it.

14. Training Starts

Chapter 14: Training Starts

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Josiah, Shelly, and Ken found out that training a dragon wasn't as easy as a video game RPG Neo Pet from 2010.

The first thing they had to do was pick a dragon from the dragon stables that was trainable and compatible to their liking.

After they had woken up the next morning and had gone down to the stables with Fishlegs, the time kids were taken to the stalls on the upper floor by Hiccup so that they could choose a dragon of their own.

Shelly had chosen a young Deadly Nadder that was medium-sized and not fully grown yet. The Nadder was female and seemed to like Shelly on the spot, nuzzling the girl with its snout. She had named her Gina

and the dragon took to the new name well.

Ken had decided to choose a Terrible Terror as his dragon to train. He wasn't big on large dragons or of flying on one and Terrors looked like they were easy to handle. He chose a red one that had a relaxed nature and the dragon in turn perched itself on his shoulder. He had named it Percy.

Unlike Shelly and Ken, Josiah wanted to choose a dragon that represented him as a team leader. Fishlegs offered the best bolder class dragons they had, but Josiah was looking for a dragon that was less bulky.

Hiccup offered him a class of sharp class dragons to see if they were more to his liking.

Josiah looked over the dragons carefully, making sure he could pick one that was suitable. His eyes fell upon a stoker class type dragon that had a rounded body and a medium-sized head. Its arms were short, but the second pair of legs were big. It had a curved horn on its snout and a pointed curved chin that was almost identical to its horn. A row of spines ran along its back and tail. Its scales were a color pattern that was dark blue on top and green and pinkish on the middle and bottom. Along the back near the dragon's shoulders was a fan-like sail.

"What dragon is this, Hiccup?" Josiah said, pointing to the large reptile.

Hiccup stood beside him and said, "Oh, that's a Snagglefang. It's a stoker class dragon. They're relatively trainable and friendly. I remember meeting this guy at the dragon sanctuary with my mother. Would you like that one?"

Josiah thought it over as he rubbed his chin.

"Well, I think it'll do," Said Josiah as he placed his hand on the dragon's snout. "It is the right size for me and it seems trainable."

The dragon leaned into his hand, rumbling softly in its throat. Josiah gave the dragon a warm smile.

Later, the three kids arrived at the training arena. The arena was a giant stone-shaped coliseum that had a dome that was constructed with impenetrable stones, and on top of the dome, was a metal cage. The walls and the cage roof were completely destructive-proof, as it was built into the side of the cliff that towered above it. Inside and out, were doors that were bolted into and secured by plank locks.

"Welcome to Dragon Training!" Hiccup said as he led the kids into the arena, their dragons following them.

The kids walked into the middle of the ring, all gazing around them and getting a good look at the stone walls and the chain ceiling that surrounded them. Ken took out his camcorder and started taking pictures. His Terror, Percy, curiously peeked at the lens of the camera, his snout sniffing at the strange device.

For the rest of the day in the arena, the kids learned what they could about their dragons and how to train them. Hiccup and Fishlegs taught the three time travelers how hand signal their dragons and how to command them using simple hand gestures.

Next, Hiccup showed the kids how to ride. Gobber provided Josiah and Shelly the saddles necessary to ride their dragons, but Ken, since he had picked a Terrible Terror, could not ride and had stayed on the side lines to watch instead.

Shelly was almost a natural on top of Gina. She wasn't afraid of heights as much as Ken was and could handle herself in the saddle well.

Josiah, with his dragon whom he had named Gresh, was pretty good as well in his saddle. The dragon was comfortable with him on its back and it responded well to Josiah's commands.

Ken was given lessons by Fishlegs so as not to feel left out. Even though the little Terrible Terror was mischievous, it responded half-heartily to Ken's hand signals and would sometime fire a ball of flame at Ken's backside. Ken found it harder to control Percy when the dragon would sometimes crawl down his shirt and playfully nip him all around his body.

But Ken was stubborn. He wouldn't let some little dragon get the better of him.

As the day wore on, the kids had learned a lot about training, riding, and knowing about their dragons. Hiccup even showed the kids how their dragons could suspend fire in their mouths to make light in dark places. Ken took down everything in his notebook as fast as he could, ignoring Percy's constant wiggling around on his shoulders. Shelly took pictures with her camcorder to capture most of the training, Gina posing a little to get in the shot.

The training was good during the rest of the day. The time kids had learned a lot about dragon training, caring, and flying. Valka even joined them and had taught them the stuff she had learned from twenty years of staying with the dragons.

Shelly and Josiah had picked up on the teachings well. Ken was less than fortunate with Percy then the others were with their dragons. The Terrible Terror would sometimes fly away from Ken and would only come back to him if he had a piece of fish on him that he would get as a treat.

"I don't know what I'm doing wrong," Said Ken as he sat down at the table in Hiccup's house after lessons. "Percy just won't listen to me or my commands, Hiccup. Is it because he doesn't like me?"

Hiccup let out a chuckle. "Terrible Terrors are easy to handle, Ken, you just need to earn his loyalty. Once you've earned his loyalty, there is nothing a dragon won't do for you."

Ken let out a snort. "Yeah, I'm sure his loyalty towards me means I've earned it alright."

Ken's mood did not improve after that fact. Percy was outside now, perched on the dome on one of the time buggies. Ken ignored him as he

went outside to take pictures of the Vikings and other dragons in the village. Percy followed after him.

After half an hour of taking pictures with his camcorder, Ken went to the dragon stables. Percy flew after him, and Ken didn't even know he was being followed.

When he reached the stables, Ken took some more pictures of a group of baby Scuttleclaws. Afterward, he sat down in a cart and looked over some of the pictures he had taken. He smiled to himself and imagined how his friends from elementary school back home in 2010 would react if they saw these. He was just about to get off the cart and head back to Hiccup's house, when a purple Scuttleclaw came up to him. It was, Ken had noticed, the same size as a full-grown human, but had the curiosity of young animal. The baby came right to him and started sniffing at the camcorder in his hands with its flattish snout. Ken smiled and wished that he had picked a Scuttleclaw instead of Percy. He scratched the baby along its chin and it nuzzled him back, licking at his face. Ken laughed and playfully pushed the baby dragon away from him, wiping away some of the drool on his face.

But more of the Scuttleclaws came up to him now, all of which were different colors. Ken felt a little overwhelmed by the babies and wanted to leave the stables so that they would leave him alone. But that wasn't the case however.

The purple Scuttleclaw that Ken met, reached out with its teeth and snatched his camcorder right out of his hands.

"Hey!" Ken yelled, getting off the cart and running after the Scuttleclaw as it moved away a bit. "That's mine!"

But the baby just ignored him and started to spread its wings, preparing to take off. Ken quickly dashed after it, scattering the other baby Scuttleclaws out of his way.

"Oh no you don't!" Ken said. He jumped and wrapped both his arms around the leg of the baby dragon. The Scuttleclaw squawked in surprise, flapped its large wings, and took off into the sky. Ken gasped and held on tightly as he felt himself going higher. The Scuttleclaw flew up and down and side ways, trying to keep the camcorder in its mouth while also trying to dislodge Ken from its leg. Finally, getting annoyed, the Scuttleclaw flew straight for the large opening in the stable that served as the way in and out.

"NO!" Ken cried out. "Not that way!"

But it was too late. The Scuttleclaw flew right out of the stable and into the sky. All the while, Ken was screaming his head off, tightening his grip on the dragon's leg.

Percy had seen what had happened and was quick to follow the pair of them. But his kind were not built for speed like the larger dragons were. There was no way he would be able to catch up with them in the open sky. Not by himself. He flew back to the stables quickly. He knew what to do.

And he had to do it fast or Ken was a goner.

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><p>Here's chap 14.<p>

I hope you readers are enjoying this as much as i am!

**I do not own HTTYD or its characters. the oc are mine!

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15. For the journey to begin

Chapter 15: For the Journey to begin

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Ken held on to the baby Scuttleclaw's leg for dear life. The wind rushed all around him. His arms holding on more tightly, Ken looked down and wished he hadn't. He had never been good with heights. Ever.

The village of Berk was far below him now as the Scuttleclaw flew higher.

Ken could not understand why this was happening to him. His heart was pounding like crazy and he was doing everything it took not to cry out.

The Scuttleclaw then dove straight down, its wings slightly tucked in. Ken screamed out a sound but it was ignored by the Scuttleclaw as it continued its dive.

Ken then tried to climb up the Scuttleclaw's leg to reach its back. If he found a way to climb upon its back then he could reach its neck and have a better hold on it.

After the Scuttleclaw finished with its dive, Ken quickly made his way up the dragon's leg and onto its back. He crawled forward, ignoring the rushing wind in his face and hair, and wrapped his arms around the Scuttleclaw's neck.

The baby dragon warbled and squawked from the unexpected sensation around its neck. Ken gritted his teeth and forcibly tried to turn the dragon back in the direction of Berk. The young Scuttleclaw obeyed reluctantly and flew in the direction Ken wanted to go.

Ahead of him Ken could see a small flock of Terrible Terrors heading right towards him. Squinting his eyes, he could see that one of them was Percy.

The Terrible Terror and his pals flew around them, squawking.

"Glad you could make it, Percy," Ken scowled at him, putting his hands on his hips like his sister usually did. "What took you so long to come to my rescue?"

The red Terrible Terrible made a mocking taunting sound. Ken frowned and steered the Scuttleclaw toward Berk.

As far as he knew, dragon training was not all that it was cracked-up to be.

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Josiah and Shelly were riding on their dragons. The two of them had been looking for Ken since he had taken that unexpected flight. Hiccup was with them.

"I knew I should have kept an eye him." Shelly said as she steered Gina closer to Josiah and Gresh. "What if he fell into the ocean or worse?"

"I shouldn't worry to much, Shelly," Said Hiccup. "baby Scuttleclaws don't stray to far away from their caves or other dragons. He's probably back at the stables right now waiting."

Shelly shook her head. "My little brother has never been good with heights, Hiccup. What if that Scuttleclaw flies out of control and he falls off of it?"

Josiah turned to Hiccup. "Shelly's right, Hiccup. I don't think those types of baby dragons have been tamed properly yet by you Vikings."

"Well," Said Hiccup. "they are babies. They don't listen to anyone. Even Toothless sometimes."

"Wanna a bet?" A voice called from above.

The three of them looked up and saw Ken on the back of the baby Scuttleclaw descending toward them. Around him were a flock of Terrible Terrors. One of them was Percy, who was perched on Ken's shoulder.

"Ken! Are you all right?" Shelly gasped.

"Oh, I'm fine, sis," Ken said as he flew alongside Josiah. "this big-little guy here gave me quite a scare in the air for a moment, but its all taken care of."

"Well, I'm glad that your okay, Ken." Josiah said. "But next, kid, could you not take an unscheduled flight like that?"

Ken nodded. "Sure thing."

Hiccup cleared his throat. "Well, now that you guys are together again, would you like me to show you some neat flying tricks?"

"Sure, Hiccup." Said Shelly. "We really never got a chance to learn it, right guys?"

Josiah nodded. "Why not. Me and Gresh here could learn a few things. What about you Ken?"

Ken shook his head. "No thanks, Clover. I think I'll sit this one out."

"Have it your way," Said Hiccup. He turned to Shelly and Josiah. "Let's head back to the training arena, guys. Ken, you can head back to my house if you want."

"Gladly," Ken answered as he turned the Scuttleclaw in the direction of Hiccup's house.

As she watched him leave, Shelly shook her head and again wished that her brother took part of more sports and activities back at home than he did here. Here on Berk, Ken was a little bit more confident. Plus he was open to new things.

Shelly was always ready and open for new things. And if that new thing was a challenge of any sort to her, she would run to face it head-on. She was a tomboy after all and nothing rough-like bothered her like the other girls in her elementary school back home did. She'd never pick up a snack, but she would kill one. Athleticism was her pass-time as well. Many of the boys in her class regarded her with caution. They so much as messed with her little brother or teased him and she heard about it, they would feel more than just her Reeboks in their grapes. Nobody teased her little brother.

Which was also why she had kicked Hiccup in the shin for what he had done.

As the day went on and the three kids had settled back at their campsite for the evening, Hiccup and his mother talked inside their home.

"They did great on their dragons today, mom," Said Hiccup as he helped his mother put away the dishes. "I think those three are gonna make great dragon riders, don't you?"

Valka gave her son a half smile. "Well, my son, that maybe true. But I do wonder what's going to happen next with them."

"What do you mean?"

Valka sighed and put down a plate. "They are from the future, right? So when it is time for them to leave, they won't be able to take their dragons with them."

"Oh, right," Said Hiccup sullenly. Since the time kids were from the far future it did make sense that they wouldn't be able to take any of their dragons with them. Dragons, from what he had experienced for himself in Josiah's time period, did not exist.

Which meant that Night Furies didn't exist either.

Hiccup had almost forgotten his and his mother's pledge to each other to find and discover more dragon species. To make a better and safer world for them.

Was nowhere except Berk safe for dragons anymore in the future?

Hiccup went upstairs to his room, took out his personal dragon

manual, and started writing. After he was done with the book, Hiccup and Toothless flew down to the cove.

It had then taken less than an hour for Hiccup to write down what he had to put in words, but he had done it. Now all he had to do was put the book in the shield that he had left wedged between the boulders from five years ago. Back when he had first met Toothless.

The shield was still there as it had always been. There were places on it that were rusted but Hiccup managed to pry it loose. After he had done that, Hiccup found the hidden compartment that he had built and placed the book inside. He then wedged the shield back into place, making sure that it was stuck good and tight between the rocks.

When he was done, Hiccup got on Toothless and flew back to Berk.

What he had put in the book were drawing of the many kinds of dragons species he and his mother had discovered. The information, the class type, the homes in which they lived and even the shot limits.

Hiccup had filled the whole book faster than he did his map of dragon island.

People one day in the future were going to find that shield and that book. And when they did, and they would, they would know about Berk and about the dragons and Vikings that lived here.

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><p>(Note to readers) The next chapter is my last one. I'll see if I can make it lengthy, but that's the end of it._

16. Where We belong

Chapter 16: Where We Belong

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Two weeks past as the time kids enjoyed their time on Berk. Flying their dragons everyday and happy that they had experienced it was like a dream come true for the three of them.

But like all dreams, bittersweet as they were, they had to come to an end sooner or later.

It was midday on the island of Berk. Another dragon race was taking place. And this time it was the time kids who part of the action.

Each of the three kids had their faces painted with elaborate colors. Their dragons were also painted in bright colors to match theirs.

Josiah and Gresh were partnered with Snotlout and Hookfang while

Shelly and Gina were partnered with Fishlegs and Meatlug.

As usual, Hiccup and Astrid were together with their dragons. Valka was standing in as the judge. Ken was of course sitting out of the race since he still wasn't keen on flying on a dragon. Instead, keeping him company, Percy was with him on his shoulder, nibbling on a chocolate bar Ken had let him eat. The little Terrible Terror seemed to like it a lot since it was a rare treat on the island.

The race had been going for at least an hour. Josiah had managed to get himself and Snotlout in the lead thanks to his quick thinking on grabbing the marked sheep right on time.

Astrid and Hiccup had taken second place while Shelly and Fishlegs took third. This was partly because Meatlug wasn't very maneuverable as a Gronkle when it came to flying. And also because Shelly and Gina were too fast for the both of them to keep up in the race. When it came to a race, be it bicycle or running, Shelly did not play second fiddle to slowpokes.

Down below in the stands the crowd cheered and shouted their support to the racers who were in the lead.

Shelly and Fishlegs had managed to get a hold on a sheep, but they were behind to Hiccup and Astrid. Their net only had two in them. Josiah Snotlout had five and Hiccup and Astrid had seven.

The last lap was only one more lap away and Shelly was not going to miss that chance to grab the black sheep and win this race.

Getting the sheep that were marked wasn't easy. The pesky wooly-heads often hid near the buildings or in the shadows. Or for better protection from being spotted, they would hide among their own flock.

There were no sign of where the black sheep would be positioned and then launched. Gobber had made sure of that.

Josiah gripped the handles of his saddle. There were times when the older time kid didn't like heights or flying. But now all that was behind him. He had a dragon under him that he trusted now. A dragon that he had as a friend and partner.

But then something twinged inside Josiah and he momentarily stopped Gresh and perched on a roof of a house.

It had never occurred to him that Gresh was a friend, but just a dragon he had randomly picked out in the stables. Now a new problem stirred within him.

What was going to happen once the three of them, himself and Shelly and Ken, had to leave to go back to the future?

Josiah had presumed that their dragons would stay on Berk and he accepted it. He would miss Gresh. But he wouldn't let it bother him. He knew his dragon was in good hands with Hiccup and the other Vikings. It was his friends he was more worried about. But he would worry about that later. Right now he had a race to finish.

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"Now that was a great race," Said Shelly as she rubbed the face paint off her cheeks. She and her brother were sitting down on a bench in the Great Hall Hiccup and his friends. Josiah had gone back to the camp to pack-up a few things before it was time to leave. Shelly and Ken wanted to celebrate a little while longer and Josiah permitted it. There would be plenty of time for them to leave tomorrow for 2010.

Hiccup and Toothless joined him beside the house.

"I guess this mean you guys will be leaving, huh?" Said Hiccup.

Josiah nodded as he brushed off the last bit of paint from his face with a rag.

"We have to, Hiccup," He said, throwing the rag away. "We are a bit overdue back home right now at the T.W.C, and the last thing my friends and I need are to get in trouble with our boss."

"Well, it was great having you guys here." Said Hiccup. "Can you say hello to your other friend, Sophie, for me?"

Josiah nodded. "Sure, Hiccup. I can do that."

Then he asked, "What about our dragons, Hiccup? What's going to happen to them when we're gone?"

Hiccup smiled and placed a hand on Gresh's horned head and the dragon let out a soft moan.

"Your dragons will be alright with us here on Berk." Hiccup said reassuringly. "We look after each other and protect our own."

"I'm glad to hear it," Said Josiah as he walked over and scratched his dragon under the chin. "I was afraid that Gresh would be all alone without me. It's going to be hard to say goodbye to him tomorrow. "

Hiccup gave Josiah a sympathetic sort of smile and then asked, "Have you told your friends yet that they will be leaving?"

Josiah looked at him and shook his head, and then looked away with a troubled look on his face.

"Ken and Percy aren't that close, Hiccup." Said Josiah. "It's Shelly and Gina who are close. I know what I have to say to her and everything, but how do you tell a twelve year old tomboy she has to leave her best friend behind?"

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders as he went back to Toothless and tightened a strap of his saddle.

"I don't know what to tell you, Josiah." Said Hiccup. "You'll have to decide that for yourself. Just try to explain to her that..."

"That what, Hiccup?" Josiah cut him off. The young Viking chief didn't seem to understand. "That tomorrow I've got to tell her that we have to go back to the future and leave our dragons behind

forever? If I tell her that, she'll get mad or sad or worse."

"Look, Josiah," Hiccup suggested, gesturing with his hands a little. "Well, maybeâ€"I don't know if it's violation of all that T.W.C stuff, but maybe you guys can take your dragons with you?"

"To the future? To 2010?" Josiah asked, turning to Hiccup with a startled look at the very mention of the idea.

Hiccup nodded. "You guys could show your world that dragons still exist. And that they are good and kind creatures that can bring people together."

Josiah frowned and shook his head. "Hiccup, we can't do that, not to our dragons. Our world-our time-is not _'their'_ world anymore. You saw it for yourself, didn't you?"

Hiccup nodded.

Josiah took a breath and continued. "Then you know how dangerous it is. The people in 2010 would never understand our dragons. Even if we took them back with us, which we can't by the way, Hiccup, how are we going to protect them? Some people fear and hate what they don't understand. And they sure as heck wouldn't understand our dragons at all. Well, except for Sophie and Jane."

"Maybe they could help." Hiccup suggested. "They are your friends after all."

Josiah shook his head again. "We just can't take them back with us, Hiccup. And I can't involve Jane or Sophie either." He took another slow but tired, breath. "The plain truth is that it's just not our dragon's world back in 2010. It'll be like we became an enemy to anything new and wondrous. And if the scientific community or U.S government ever got their hands on Gina, Gresh, or Percy, which they would do sooner or later given the chance, they would poke and prod at them until they start hating every human that they see. Including myself, Shelly, and Ken."

Hiccup nodded again.

"Sorry, Hiccup," Josiah said as he got up and walk to the front of the house to go inside. "the only solution is that our dragons stay here on Berk with you and the other dragons. I'll talk to Shelly when they come back to the house from the Great Hall. Hopefully she'll understand."

Nodding, Hiccup followed him inside the house, Toothless right by his side.

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It was well past eleven when Shelly, Ken, and Valka came through the door of the Haddock house. Josiah was at the table talking things over with Hiccup. During those minutes with the Viking chief, Josiah knew that he had to tell Shelly the hard truth.

Hiccup went up to his room as Toothless followed him up the steps. He knew that he shouldn't listen in on any of the upcoming conversation that was about to go on downstairs. A good chief always minded his

own business.

Before Shelly and Ken could go outside, Josiah held Shelly back and told Ken that he had to talk to his sister alone for a minute.

"What is it you wanted to talk to me about?" Shelly asked, sitting down on a chair next to Josiah.

Josiah swallowed. "Shelly, you realize that we have to leave tomorrow, don't you?"

Shelly nodded. "Yeah. I heard about that from Ken earlier."

"Then you know, Shelly, that we've completed our task for the T.W.C, right?" Josiah said.

Shelly nodded again but couldn't understand where this conversation was going.

Josiah continued. "Ken had told me a few days back that you said that our dragons were coming along with us to the future. Is that about right right?"

"Yeah, it is, Josiah." Shelly said in a small voice, shifting a little in her seat. "And I was wondering if it would be alright with you if we could bring them along with us."

Josiah waited for a full five seconds before he said, "No, Shelly. I'm sorry but they can't come with us."

Shelly looked at Josiah with mild astonishment, and a bit of sadness.

"What? But, Josiah..." She tried to get the words out but couldn't.

Josiah went over to Shelly and placed a hand on her shoulder. His eyes were steady as he looked into hers.

"Now think about this, girl," Josiah said, trying his best to explain. "three dragons alive in civilization? There's no way they're going to live a normal life with us. They're going to be treated like freaks of scientific curiosity. End up in a Zoo or government lab or worse."

Shelly replied, "But I'd protect Gina."

"Like that's gonna do any good, Shelly." Said Josiah. "The government doesn't care if you try to protect your dragon. It doesn't matter to them. They'll see her as a threat as well if Gina sees you in danger. And she'll try to protect you by acting vicious."

Shelly swallowed hard. "But she's not dangerous."

Josiah shook his head. "I know she is not, Shelly. But the government won't give a damn if she's harmless or not. And if you try to get in their way, the authorities will arrest you and your family for being traitors to our country. They'll do it excessively, believe me."

There was a hushed silence, and then Shelly got up and walked over to the window. Josiah got up and stood beside her, looking out to see their dragons together who now asleep.

Shelly sniffled a little and quickly wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

"I'm going to miss her, Josiah." Shelly said quietly. "She was in my life for such a short time..."

"Only for two weeks, girl," Josiah said. "but at least we all got to experience flying with our dragons together, right? And learning about them as well, don't you think?"

Shelly nodded. "I guess so,"

"It's late, Shelly," Josiah said as he turned to leave. "it's time to turn in."

He walked out the door, keeping it open so that Shelly could follow after him.

But Shelly didn't follow him. She stayed by the window, lost in her thoughts. Then, after thinking it over, she went outside to look out over the ocean.

The young Deadly Nadder raised its head and stood up, moving away from Gresh and Percy. She went over to Shelly who was standing by herself, looking out over the ocean.

The Nadder let out a soft squawk and nudged Shelly on her shoulder.

"Hey, Gina." Shelly said, turning to face her dragon. "it looks like I'll be going home tomorrow. It's kinda gonna be weird not having you around anymore."

The Nadder tilted her head, not understanding what her rider was saying. She crooned a little, nuzzling into Shelly's shoulder again.

"I wish I could bring you with me, girl," Shelly sniffled, cradling her dragon with both of her hands. "but that's not possible."

Gina and Shelly stayed as they were for a long time, feeling the cold night air around them both. But Shelly felt warm and safe from the cold. The next thing she knew, Gina wrapped her wings around Shelly, shielding her body from the breeze.

After settling down upon the grass, Gina and Shelly curled up and fell right to sleep. And as she slept, Shelly knew that this was going to be her last night Gina. Her last night with her dragon.

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The next morning came all too soon for Shelly as she packed-up her things in the time buggy.

Josiah and Ken had already said their goodbyes to their dragons.

Percy hadn't stuck around long enough for Ken to give him a farewell pat on the head. Josiah and Gresh took one last flight around the whole island together early in the morning.

Shelly, on the other hand, had taken an even longer flight with Gina. When their flight was over, Shelly had removed the saddle from Gina's back and had placed it back in Gobber's forge along with Josiah's.

When everything was packed and ready, Josiah and Ken got into their separate buggies. Hiccup, Toothless, Valka and Cloudjumper, and even Astrid had gathered to see them off beside the house.

As Josiah activated the hover mode on his buggy and lifted off the ground, he turned to Hiccup and Valka.

"Thank you, Hiccup and Valka, for sharing your world with us."

"And thank you for sharing yours," Hiccup replied with a smile.

Valka smiled. "You three are going to be missed greatly here on Berk. Are you going remember to come back?"

Josiah grinned. "Who wouldn't want to come back, Valka? This island of yours is so amazing that I haven't got the words."

Ken muttered in his buggy at Shelly's side. "I don't think I will."

Shelly gave him a look while giving Gina one last pat goodbye.

"No offense, sis," He said, turning to her. "but I've had my fill of dragons for one day."

In response, Cloudjumper went up to him, leaned in close, and licked the ten year old across the face. Ken jumped back, groaning with annoyance as he rubbed his cheek with the back of his hand.

"Ew! Gross! See what I mean?" Ken exclaimed.

Everyone, even the dragons, laughed as Ken grumbled again and sat down on his seat, a look of irritation on his wet face.

When they were done, Hiccup and Astrid came up to Josiah.

"Josiah, do you know what happens to our island in the future?" Asked Astrid.

Josiah considered her question for a second before answering. "In the future? That's entirely up to you both. I can't reveal a lot to you guys, understand?"

They both nodded.

Josiah continued. "The future of Berk hasn't been written yet. For better or worse, you Vikings and dragons can and will change a bit of the world. So make that change a good one. The both of you."

Hiccup put an arm around Astrid. "We will, Josiah."

As the glass dome closed around him, Josiah waved goodbye to them.

Shelly did the same as the dome on her and Ken's buggy come down, and with powerful hum, the two time vehicles lifted higher off the ground. After a moment, they veered off, facing the sunrise.

Hiccup, Astrid, and Valka watched in amazement as the buggies then sped away, and then disappeared in a flash of flight and three sonic booms.

(Voice-over)

"_This is the island of Berk. A world where both Vikings and Dragons live together in peace and harmony. The world in the 21st century may not know about this place, but we, the time kids, do._

_We've made new friends here on Berk and they had taught us that humans and dragons can coexist as one. _

What the future may bring to this island is all up to Hiccup, the chief of Berk.

One day, people will find this island and discover it's secrets. A secret that will one day be found inside an ancient Viking shield.

And though the people of Berk have their dragons, we time kids will always have...

Time travel!

(*)

* * *

><p>(Well, folks, this is the last chapter.**

I hope you all enjoyed my story.

(C)HTTYD and all its chatacters belong to fox/Dreamworkds).

End
file.